









600083145R

THE
VISION,
OF
DANTE.

**THE
VISION;**

**+
OR,**

Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise,

OF

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

**TRANSLATED BY
THE REV. H. F. CARY, A. M.**

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND MESSEY,
93, FLEET STREET.

1814.



PURGATORY.

CANTO I.

O'ER better waves to speed her rapid course
The light bark of my genius lifts the sail,
Well pleas'd to leave so cruel sea behind;
And of that second region will I sing,
In which the human spirit from sinful blot 5
Is purg'd, and for ascent to Heaven prepares.
Here, O ye hallow'd Nine! for in your train
I follow, here the deaden'd strain revive;
Nor let Calliope refuse to sound
A somewhat higher song, of that loud tone, 10
Which when the wretched birds of chattering note
Had heard, they of forgiveness lost all hope.
Sweet hue of eastern sapphire, that was spread
O'er the serene aspect of the pure air,
High up as the first circle, to mine eyes 15
Unwonted joy renew'd, soon as I 'scap'd
Forth from the atmosphere of deadly gloom,
That had mine eyes and bosom fill'd with grief.
The radiant planet, that to love invites,
Made all the orient laugh, and veil'd beneath 20
The Pisces' light, that in his escort came.
To the right hand I turn'd, and fix'd my mind
On the other pole attentive, where I saw
Four stars ne'er seen before save by the ken
Of our first parents. Heaven of their rays 25

VOL. II.

B

Seem'd joyous. O thou northern site, bereft
Indeed, and widow'd, since of these depriv'd!

As from this view I had desisted, strait
Turning a little tow'rd's the other pole,
There from whence now the wain had disappear'd,
I saw an old man standing by my side 31

Alone, so worthy of rev'rence in his look,
That ne'er from son to father more was ow'd.
Low down his beard, and mix'd with hoary white
Descended, like his locks, which parting fell 34
Upon his breast in double fold. The beams
Of those four luminaries on his face
So brightly shone, and with such radiance clear
Deck'd it, that I beheld him as the sun.

"Say who are ye, that stemming the blind stream,
Forth from th' eternal prison-house have fled?" 41
He spoke and mov'd those venerable plumes.

"Who hath conducted, or with lantern sare
Lights you emerging from the depth of night,
That makes the' infernal valley ever black?" 45

Are the firm statutes of the dread abyss
Broken, or in high heaven new laws ordain'd,
That thus, condemn'd, ye to my caves approach?"

My guide, then laying hold on me, by words
And intimations given with hand and head, 50
Made my bent knees and eye submissive pay
Due reverence; then thus to him replied.

"Not of myself I come; a Dame from heaven
Descending, him besought me in my charge
To bring. But since thy will implies, that more 55
Our true condition I unfold at large,

Mine is not to deny thee thy request.
This mortal ne'er hath seen the farthest gloom.

But erring by his folly had approach'd
So near, that little space was left to turn. 60

Then, as before I told, I was dispatch'd
 To work his rescue; and no way remain'd
 Save this which I have ta'en. I have display'd
 Before him all the regions of the bad ;
 And purpose now those spirits to display, 65
 That under thy command are purg'd from sin.
 How I have brought him would be long to say.
 From high descends the virtue, by whose aid
 I to thy sight and hearing him have led.
 Now may our coming please thee. In the search
 Of liberty he journeys: that how dear 71
 They know, who for her sake have life refus'd.
 Thou knowest, to whom death for her was sweet
 In Utica, where thou didst leave those weeds,
 That in the last great day will shine so bright. 75
 For us the' eternal edicts are unmov'd:
 He breathes, and I am free of Minos' power,
 Abiding in that circle, where the eyes
 Of thy chaste Marcia beam, who still in look
 Prays thee, O hallow'd spirit! to own her thine. 80
 Then by her love we' implore thee, let us pass
 Through thy sev'n regions; for which best thanks
 I for thy favour will to her return,
 If mention there below thou not disdain."
 " Marcia so pleasing in my sight was found," 85
 He then to him rejoin'd, " while I was there,
 That all she ask'd me I was fain to grant.
 Now that beyond the' accursed stream she dwells,
 She may no longer move me, by that law,
 Which was ordain'd me, when I issued thence. 90
 Not so, if Dame from heaven, as thou sayst,
 Moves and directs thee; then no flatt'ry needs.
 Enough for me that in her name thou ask.
 Go therefore now: and with a slender reed
 See that thou duly gird him, and his face 95

Lave, till all sordid stain thou wipe from thence,"
 For not with eye, by any cloud obscur'd,
 Would it be seemly before him to come,
 Who stands the foremost minister in heaven.
 This islet all around, there far beneath, 100
 Where the wave beats it, on the oozy bed
 Produces store of reeds. No other plant,
 Cover'd with leaves, or harden'd in its stalk,
 There lives, not bending to the water's sway.
 After, this way return not; but the sun 105
 Will show you, that now rises, where to take
 The mountain in its easiest ascent."

He disappear'd; and I myself uprais'd
 Speechless, and to my guide retiring close,
 Toward him turn'd mine eyes. He thus began: 110
 "My son! observant thou my steps pursue.
 We must retreat to rereward, for that way
 The champain to its low extreme declines."

The dawn had chac'd the matin hour of prime,
 Which fled before it, so that from afar 115
 I spy'd the trembling of the ocean stream.

We travers'd the deserted plain, as one
 Who, wander'd from his track, thinks every step
 Trodden in vain till he regain the path.

When we had come, where yet the tender dew
 Strove with the sun, and in a place, where fresh 121
 The wind breath'd o'er it, while it slowly dried;
 Both hands extended on the watery grass
 My master plac'd, in graceful act and kind.
 Whence I of his intent before appriz'd, 125
 Stretch'd out to him my cheeks suffus'd with tears.
 There to my visage he anew restor'd
 That hue, which the dun shades of hell conceal'd.

Then on the solitary shore arriv'd,
 That never sailing on its waters saw 130

Man, that could after measure back his course,
He girt me in such manner as had pleas'd
Him who instructed, and O, strange to tell!
As he selected every humble plant,
Wherever one was pluck'd, another there
Resembling, straitway in its place arose.





THE
VISION;
OR,
Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise,
OF
DANTE ALIGHIERI.

TRANSLATED BY
THE REV. H. F. CARY, A. M.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY,
93, FLEET STREET.

1814.



PURGATORY.

CANTO I.

O'ER better waves to speed her rapid course
The light bark of my genius lifts the sail,
Well pleas'd to leave so cruel sea behind;
And of that second region will I sing,
In which the human spirit from sinful blot 5
Is purg'd, and for ascent to Heaven prepares.

Here, O ye hallow'd Nine! for in your train
I follow, here the deaden'd strain revive;
Nor let Calliope refuse to sound
A somewhat higher song, of that loud tone, 10
Which when the wretched birds of chattering note
Had heard, they of forgiveness lost all hope.

Sweet hue of eastern sapphire, that was spread
O'er the serene aspect of the pure air,
High up as the first circle, to mine eyes 15
Unwonted joy renew'd, soon as I 'scap'd
Forth from the atmosphere of deadly gloom,
That had mine eyes and bosom fill'd with grief.
The radiant planet, that to love invites,
Made all the orient laugh, and veil'd beneath 20
The Pisces' light, that in his escort came.

To the right hand I turn'd, and fix'd my mind
On the' other pole attentive, where I saw
Four stars ne'er seen before save by the ken
Of our first parents. Heaven of their rays 25

Seem'd joyous. O thou northern site, bereft
Indeed, and widow'd, since of these depriv'd!

As from this view I had desisted, strait
Turning a little tow'rds the other pole,
There from whence now the wain had disappear'd,
I saw an old man standing by my side 31
Alone, so worthy of rev'rence in his look,
That ne'er from son to father more was ow'd.
Low down his beard, and mix'd with hoary white
Descended, like his locks, which parting fell 35
Upon his breast in double fold. The beams
Of those four luminaries on his face
So brightly shone, and with such radiance clear
Deck'd it, that I beheld him as the sun.

"Say who are ye, that stemming the blind stream,
Forth from th' eternal prison-house have fled?" 41
He spoke and mov'd those venerable plumes.
"Who hath conducted, or with lantern sare
Lights you emerging from the depth of night,
That makes the' infernal valley ever black? 45
Are the firm statutes of the dread abyss
Broken, or in high heaven new laws ordain'd,
That thus, condemn'd, ye to my caves approach?"

My guide, then laying hold on me, by words
And intimations given with hand and head, 50
Made my bent knees and eye submissive pay
Due reverence; then thus to him replied.

"Not of myself I come; a Dame from heaven
Descending, him besought me in my charge
To bring. But since thy will implies, that more 55
Our true condition I unfold at large,
Mine is not to deny thee thy request.
This mortal ne'er hath seen the farthest gloom.
But erring by his folly had approach'd
So near, that little space was left to turn. 60

Then, as before I told, I was dispatch'd
 To work his rescue; and no way remain'd
 Save this which I have ta'en. I have display'd
 Before him all the regions of the bad ;
 And purpose now those spirits to display, 63
 That under thy command are purg'd from sin.
 How I have brought him would be long to say.
 From high descends the virtue, by whose aid
 I to thy sight and hearing him have led.
 Now may our coming please thee. In the search
 Of liberty he journeys: that how dear 71
 They know, who for her sake have life refus'd.
 Thou knowest, to whom death for her was sweet
 In Utica, where thou didst leave those weeds,
 That in the last great day will shine so bright. 75
 For us the' eternal edicts are unmov'd:
 He breathes, and I am free of Minos' power,
 Abiding in that circle, where the eyes
 Of thy chaste Marcia beam, who still in look
 Prays thee, O hallow'd spirit! to own her thine. 80
 Then by her love we' implore thee, let us pass
 Through thy sev'n regions; for which best thanks
 I for thy favour will to her return,
 If mention there below thou not disdain."
 " Marcia so pleasing in my sight was found," 85
 He then to him rejoin'd, " while I was there,
 That all she ask'd me I was fain to grant.
 Now that beyond the' accursed stream she dwells,
 She may no longer move me, by that law,
 Which was ordain'd me, when I issued thence. 90
 Not so, if Dame from heaven, as thou sayst,
 Moves and directs thee; then no flatt'ry needs.
 Enough for me that in her name thou ask.
 Go therefore now: and with a slender reed
 See that thou duly gird him, and his face 95

Lave, till all sordid stain thou wipe from thence, —
 For not with eye, by any cloud obscur'd,
 Would it be seemly before him to come,
 Who stands the foremost minister in heaven.
 This islet all around, there far beneath, 100
 Where the wave beats it, on the oozy bed
 Produces store of reeds. No other plant,
 Cover'd with leaves, or harden'd in its stalk,
 There lives, not bending to the water's sway.
 After, this way return not; but the sun 105
 Will show you, that now rises, where to take
 The mountain in its easiest ascent."

He disappear'd; and I myself uprais'd
 Speechless, and to my guide retiring close,
 Toward him turn'd mine eyes. He thus began: 110
 "My son! observant thou my steps pursue.
 We must retreat to rereward, for that way
 The champain to its low extreme declines."

The dawn had chac'd the matin hour of prime,
 Which fled before it, so that from afar 115
 I spy'd the trembling of the ocean stream.

We travers'd the deserted plain, as one
 Who, wander'd from his track, thinks every step
 Trodden in vain till he regain the path.

When we had come, where yet the tender dew
 Strove with the sun, and in a place, where fresh 121
 The wind breath'd o'er it, while it slowly dried;
 Both hands extended on the watery grass
 My master plac'd, in graceful act and kind.
 Whence I of his intent before appriz'd, 125
 Stretch'd out to him my cheeks suffus'd with tears.
 There to my visage he anew restor'd
 That hue, which the dun shades of hell conceal'd.

Then on the solitary shore arriv'd,
 That never sailing on its waters saw 130

Man, that could after measure back his course,
He girt me in such manner as had pleas'd
Him who instructed, and O, strange to tell!
As he selected every humble plant,
Wherever one was pluck'd, another there
Resembling, straitway in its place arose.

135

CANTO II.

NOW had the sun to that horizon reach'd,
 That covers, with the most exalted point
 Of it's meridian circle, Salem's walls,
 And night, that opposite to him her orb
 Rounds, from the stream of Ganges issued forth, 5
 Holding the scales, that from her hands are dropp'd
 When she reigns highest: so that where I was,
 Aurora's white and vermeil-tinctur'd cheek
 To orange turn'd as she in age increas'd.

Meanwhile we linger'd by the water's brink, 10
 Like men, who, musing on their road, in thought
 Journey, while motionless the body rests.
 When lo! as near upon the hour of dawn,
 Through the thick vapours Mars with fiery beam
 Glares down in west, over the ocean floor; 15
 So seem'd, what once again I hope to view,
 A light so swiftly coming through the sea,
 No winged course might equal it's career.
 From which when for a space I had withdrawn
 Mine eyes, to make inquiry of my guide, 20
 Again I look'd and saw it grown in size
 And brightness: then on either side appear'd
 Something, but what I knew not of bright hue,
 And by degrees from underneath it came
 Another. My preceptor silent yet 25
 Stood, while the brightness, that we first discern'd,
 Open'd the form of wings: then when he knew
 The pilot, cried aloud, "Down, down; bend low
 Thy knees; behold God's angel: fold thy hands:
 Now shalt thou see true Ministers indeed. 30

Lo how all human means he sets at nought?
 So that nor oar he needs, nor other sail
 Except his wings, between such distant shores.
 Lo how strait up to heav'n he holds them rear'd,
 Winnowing the air with those eternal plumes, 35
 That not like mortal hairs fall off or change!"

As more and more toward us came, more bright
 Appear'd the bird of God, nor could the eye
 Endure his splendour near: I mine bent down.
 He drove ashore in a small bark so swift 40
 And light, that in it's course no wave it drank.
 The heav'nly steersman at the prow was seen,
 Visibly written blessed in his looks.

Within a hundred spirits and more there sat.
 "In Exitu Israel de Ægypto," 45
 All with one voice together sang, with what
 In the remainder of that hymn is writ.
 Then soon as with the sign of holy cross
 He bless'd them, they at once leap'd out on land,
 He swiftly as he came return'd. The crew, 50
 There left, appear'd astounded with the place,
 Gazing around as one who sees new sights.

From every side the sun darted his beams,
 And with his arrowy radiance from mid heav'n
 Had chas'd the Capricorn, when that strange tribe
 Lifting their eyes toward us; "If ye know, 56
 Declare what path will lead us to the mount."

Them Virgil answer'd. "Ye suppose perchance
 Us well acquainted with this place: but here,
 We, as yourselves, are strangers. Not long erst 60
 We came, before you but a little space,
 By other road so rough and hard, that now
 The ascent will seem to us as play." The spirits,
 Who from my breathing had perceiv'd I liv'd,
 Grew pale with wonder. As the multitude 65
 Flock round a herald, sent with olive branch,

To hear what news he brings, and in their haste
 Tread one another down, e'en so at sight
 Of me those happy spirits were fix'd, each one
 Forgetful of its errand, to depart, 70
 Where cleans'd from sin, it might be made all fair.

Then one I saw darting before the rest
 With such fond ardour to embrace me, I
 To do the like was mov'd. O shadows vain
 Except in outward semblance! thrice my hands 75
 I clasp'd behind it, they as oft return'd
 Empty into my breast again. Surprise
 I need must think was painted in my looks,
 For that the shadow smil'd and backward drew.
 To follow it I hasten'd, but with voice 80
 Of sweetness it enjoin'd me to desist.

Then who it was I knew, and pray'd of it,
 To talk with me, it would a little pause.
 It answer'd: "Thee as in my mortal frame
 I lov'd, so loos'd from it I love thee still, 85
 And therefore pause; but why walkest thou here?"

"Not without purpose once more to return,
 Thou find'st me, my Casella, where I am
 Journeying this way;" I said, "but how of thee
 Hath so much time been lost?" He answer'd strait:
 "No outrage hath been done to me, if he 91
 Who when and whom he chooses takes, me oft
 This passage hath denied, since of just will
 His will he makes. These three months past indeed,
 He, whoso chose to enter, with free leave 95
 Hath taken; whence I wand'ring by the shore
 Where Tyber's wave grows salt, of him gain'd kind
 Admittance, at that river's mouth, tow'rd which
 His wings are pointed, for there always throng
 All such as not to Acheron descend." 100

Then I: "If new laws have not quite destroy'd
 Memory and use of that sweet song of love,

That whilom all my cares had pow'r to 'swage;
 Please thee with it a little to console
 My spirit, that incumber'd with its frame, 105
 Traveling so far, of pain is overcome."

"Love that discourses in my thoughts." He then
 Began in such soft accents, that within
 The sweetness thrills me yet. My gentle guide
 And all who came with him, so well were pleas'd,
 That seem'd nought else might in their thoughts
 have room. 111

Fast fix'd in mute attention to his notes
 We stood, when lo! that old man venerable
 Exclaiming, "How is this, ye tardy spirits?
 What negligence detains you loit'ring here? 115
 Run to the mountain to cast off those scales,
 That from your eyes the sight of God conceal."

As a wild flock of pigeons, to their food
 Collected, blade or tares, without their pride
 Accustom'd, and in still and quiet sort, 120
 If aught alarm them, suddenly desert
 Their meal, assail'd by more important care;
 So I that new-come troop beheld, the song
 Deserting, hasten to the mountain's side,
 As one who goes yet where he tends knows not. 125
 Nor with less hurried step did we depart.

CANTO III.

THEM sudden flight had scatter'd o'er the plain,
 Turn'd tow'rds the mountain, whither reason's voice
 Drives us; I to my faithful company
 Adhering, left it not. For how of him
 Depriv'd, might I have sped, or who beside 5
 Would o'er the mountainous tract have led my steps?
 He with the bitter pang of self-remorse
 Seem'd smitten. O clear conscience and upright
 How doth a little failing wound thee sore!

Soon as his feet desisted, (slack'ning pace,) 10
 From haste, that mars all decency of act,
 My mind, that in itself before was wrapt,
 It's thought expanded, as with joy restor'd;
 And full against the steep ascent I set
 My face, where highest to heav'n it's top o'erflows.

The sun, that star'd behind, with ruddy beam 15
 Before my form was broken; for in me
 His rays resistance met. I turn'd aside
 With fear of being left, when I beheld
 Only before myself the ground obscur'd. 20
 When thus my solace, turning him around,
 Bespake me kindly: "Why distrustest thou?
 Believ'st not I am with thee, thy sure guide?
 It now is evening there, where buried lies
 The body' in which I cast a shade, remov'd 25
 To Naples from Brundusium's wall. Nor thou
 Marvel, if before me no shadow fall,
 More than that in the skiey element
 One ray obstructs not other. To endure

Torments of heat and cold extreme, like frames 30
 That virtue hath dispos'd, which how it works
 Wills not to us should be reveal'd. Insane
 Who hopes, our reason may that space explore,
 Which holds three persons in one substance knit.
 Seek not the wherefore, race of human kind; 35
 Could ye have seen the whole, no need had been
 For Mary to bring forth. Moreover ye
 Have seen such men desiring fruitlessly;
 To whose desires repose would have been giv'n,
 That now but serve them for eternal grief. 40
 I speak of Plato, and the Stagyrte,
 And others many more." And then he bent
 Downwards his forehead, and in troubled mood
 Broke off his speech. Meanwhile we had arriv'd
 Far as the mountain's foot, and there the rock 45
 Found of so steep ascent, that nimblest steps
 To climb it had been vain. The most remote
 Most wild untrodden path, in all the tract
 'Twixt Lerice and Turbia were to this
 A ladder easy' and open of access. 50

"Who knows on which hand now the steep de-
 clines?"

My master said and paus'd, "so that he may
 Ascend, who journeys without aid of wing?"
 And while with looks directed to the ground
 The meaning of the pathway he explor'd, 55
 And I gas'd upward round the stony height,
 On the left hand appear'd to us a troop
 Of spirits, that toward us mov'd their steps,
 Yet moving seem'd not, they so slow approach'd.

I thus my guide address'd: "Upraise thine eyes,
 Lo that way some, of whom thou may'st obtain 61
 Counsel, if of thyself thou find'st it not!"

Straightway he look'd, and with free speech re-
 plied:

* Let us tend thither: they but softly come.
And thou be firm in hope, my son belov'd." 65

Now was that people distant far in space
A thousand paces behind our's, as much
As at a throw the nervous arm could fling,
When all drew backward on the massy crags
Of the steep bank, and firmly stood unmov'd, 70
As one who walks in doubt might stand to look.

"O spirits perfect! O already chosen!"
Virgil to them began, "by that blest peace,
Which, as I deem, is for you all prepar'd,
Instruct us where the mountain low declines, 75
So that attempt to mount it be not vain.
For who knows most, him loss of time most grieves."

As sheep, that step from forth their fold, by one,
Or pairs, or three at once; meanwhile the rest
Stand fearfully, bending the eye and nose 80
To ground, and what the foremost does, that do
The others, gath'ring round her, if she stops,
Simple and quiet, nor the cause discern;
So saw I moving to advance the first,
Who of that fortunate crew were at the head, 85
Of modest mien and graceful in their gait.
When they before me had beheld the light
From my right side fall broken on the ground,
So that the shadow reach'd the cave, they stopp'd
And somewhat back retir'd: the same did all, 90
Who follow'd, though unweeting of the cause.

"Unask'd of you, yet freely I confess,
This is a human body which ye see.
That the sun's light is broken on the ground,
Marvel not: but believe, that not without 95
Virtue deriv'd from Heaven, we to climb
Over this wall aspire." So them bespake
My master; and that virtuous tribe rejoin'd;

"Turn, and before you there the entrance lies,"
 Making a signal to us with bent hands. 100

Then of them one began. "Whoe'er thou art,
 Who journey'st thus this way, thy visage turn,
 Think if me elsewhere thou hast ever seen."

I tow'rd's him turn'd, and with fix'd eye beheld.
 Comely, and fair, and gentle of aspect 105
 He seem'd, but on one brow a gash was mark'd.

When humbly I disclaim'd to have beheld
 Him ever; "Now behold!" he said, and show'd
 High on his breast a wound: then smiling spake.

"I am Manfredi, grandson to the Queen 110
 Costanza: whence I pray thee, when return'd,
 To my fair daughter go, the parent glad
 Of Aragonia and Sicilia's pride;

And of the truth inform her, if of me
 Aught else be told. When by two mortal blows 115

My frame was shatter'd, I betook myself
 Weeping to him, who of free will forgives.

My sins were horrible; but so wide arms
 Hath goodness infinite, that it receives
 All who turn to it. Had this text divine 120

Been of Cosenza's shepherd better scann'd,

Who then by Clement on my hunt was set,

Yet at the bridge's head my bones had lain,

Near Benevento, by the heavy mole

Protected; but the rain now drenches them, 125

And the wind drives, out of the kingdom's bounds,

Far as the stream of Verde, where, with lights

Extinguish'd, he remov'd them from their bed.

Yet by their curse we are not so destroy'd,

But that the eternal love may turn, while hope 130

Retains her verdant blossom. True it is,

That such one as in contumacy dies

Against the holy church, though he repent,

Must wander thirty fold for all the time
 In his presumption past; if such decree
 Be not by prayers of good men shorter made.
 Look therefore if thou canst advance my bliss;
 Revealing to my good Costanza, how
 Thou hast beheld me, and beside the terms
 Laid on me of that interdict; for here
 By means of those below much profit comes."

135

140

CANTO IV.

WHEN by sensations of delight or pain,
 That any of our faculties hath seiz'd,
 Entire the soul collects herself, it seems
 She is intent upon that power alone,
 And thus the error is disprov'd which holds
 The soul not singly lighted in the breast.
 And therefore whenas aught is heard or seen,
 That firmly keeps the soul toward it turn'd,
 Time passes, and a man perceives it not.
 For that, whereby we hearken, is one power,
 Another that, which the whole spirit hath;
 This is as it were bound, while that is free.

This found I true by proof, hearing that spirit
 And wond'ring; for full fifty steps aloft
 The sun had measur'd, unobserv'd of me,
 When we arriv'd where all with one accord
 The spirits shouted, "Here is what ye ask."

A larger aperture oftentimes is stopp'd
 With forked stake of thorn by villager,
 When the ripe grape imbrown'd, than was the path,
 By which my guide, and I behind him close,
 Ascended solitary, when that troop
 Departing left us. On Sanleo's road
 Who journeys, or to Noli low descends,
 Or mounts Bismantua's height, must use his feet;
 But here a man had need to fly, I mean
 With the swift wing and plumes of high desire,
 Conducted by his aid, who gave me hope,
 And with light furnish'd to direct my way.

We through the broken rock ascended, close

Pent on each side, while underneath the ground
 Ask'd help of hands and feet. When we arriv'd
 Near on the highest ridge of the steep bank,
 Where the plain level open'd, I exclaim'd,
 "O master! say which way can we proceed?" 35

He answer'd, "Let no step of thine recede,
 Behind me gain the mountain, till to us
 Some practis'd guide appear." That eminence
 Was lofty, that no eye might reach its point,
 And the side proudly rising, more than line 40
 From the mid quadrant to the centre drawn.

I wearied thus began: "Parent belov'd!
 Turn, and behold how I remain alone,
 If thou stay not."—"My son!" he strait reply'd,
 "Thus far put forth thy strength;" and to a track
 Pointed, that, on this side projecting, round 45
 Circles the hill. His words so spur'd me on,
 That I behind him clamb'ring, forc'd myself,
 Till my feet press'd the circuit plain beneath.
 There both together seated, turn'd we round 50
 To eastward, whence was our ascent: and oft
 Many beside have with delight look'd back.

First on the nether shores I turn'd my eyes,
 Then rais'd them to the sun, and wond'ring mark'd
 That from the left it smote us. Soon perceiv'd
 That Poet sage how at the car of light 55
 Amaz'd I stood, where 'twixt us and the north
 Its course it enter'd. Whence he thus to me:

"Were Leda's offspring now in company
 Of that broad mirror, that high up and low 60
 Imparts his light beneath, thou might'st behold
 The ruddy zodiac nearer to the bears
 Wheel, if it's ancient course it not forsook.
 How that may be if thou would'st think; within
 Pond'ring, imagine Sion with this mount 65
 Plac'd on the earth, so that to both be one

Horizon, and two hemispheres apart,
 Where lies the path that Phaëton ill knew
 To guide his erring chariot: thou wilt see
 How of necessity by this on one 70
 He passes, while by that on the' other side,
 If with clear view thine intellect attend."

"Of truth, kind teacher!" I exclaim'd, "so clear
 Aught saw I never, as I now discern
 Where seem'd my ken to fail, that the mid orb 75
 Of the supernal motion (which in terms
 Of art is called the Equator, and remains
 Ever between the sun and winter) for the cause
 Thou hast assign'd, from hence toward the north
 Departs, when those who in the Hebrew land 80
 Inhabit, see it tow'rs the warmer part.
 But if it please thee, I would gladly know,
 How far we have to journey: for the hill
 Mounts higher, than this sight of mine can mount."

He thus to me: "Such is this steep ascent, 85
 That it is ever difficult at first,
 But, more a man proceeds, less evil grows.
 When pleasant it shall seem to thee, so much
 That upward going shall be easy to thee,
 As in a vessel to go down the tide, 90
 Then of this path thou wilt have reach'd the end.
 There hope to rest thee from thy toil. No more
 I answer, and thus far for certain know."
 As he his words had spoken, near to us
 A voice there sounded: "Yet ye first perchance
 May to repose you by constraint be led." 95
 At sound thereof each turn'd, and on the left
 A huge stone we beheld, of which nor I
 Nor he before was ware. Thither we drew,
 And there were some, who in the shady place 100
 Behind the rock were standing, as a man
 Thro' idleness might stand. Among them one,

Who seem'd to me much wearied, sat him down,
 And with his arms did fold his knees about,
 Holding his face between them downward bent. 105
 "Sweet Sir!" I cry'd, "behold that man, who
 shows

Himself more idle, than if laziness
 Were sister to him." Strait he turn'd to us,
 And, o'er the thigh lifting his face, observ'd,
 Then in these accents spake: "Up then, proceed
 Thou valiant one." Straight who it was I knew; 111
 Nor could the pain I felt (for want of breath
 Still somewhat urg'd me) hinder my approach.
 And when I came to him, he scarce his head
 Uplifted, saying "Well hast thou discern'd, 115
 How from the left the sun his chariot leads."

His lazy acts and broken words my lips
 To laughter somewhat mov'd; when I began:
 "Belacqua, now for thee I grieve no more.
 But tell, why thou art seated upright there? 120
 Waitest thou escort to conduct thee hence?
 Or blame I only thine accustom'd ways?"
 Then he: "My brother, of what use to mount,
 When to my suffering would not let me pass
 The bird of God, who at the portal sits? 125
 Behoves so long that heav'n first bear me round
 Without its limits, as in life it bore,
 Because I to the end repentant sighs
 Delay'd, if prayer do not aid me first,
 That riseth up from heart which lives in grace. 130
 What other kind avails, not heard in heaven?"

Before me now the Poet up the mount
 Ascending, cried: "Haste thee, for see the sun
 Has touch'd the point meridian, and the night
 Now covers with her foot Marocco's shore." 135

CANTO V.

NOW had I left those spirits, and pursued
 The steps of my Conductor, when behind
 Pointing the finger at me one exclaim'd:
 " See how it seems as if the light not shone
 From the left hand of him beneath, and he, 5
 As living, seems to be led on." Mine eyes
 I at that sound reverting, saw them gaze
 Through wonder first at me, and then at me
 And the light broken underneath, by turns.
 " Why are thy thoughts thus riveted," my guide 10
 Exclaim'd, " that thou hast slack'd thy pace? or how
 Imports it thee, what thing is whisper'd here?
 Come after me, and to their babblings leave
 The crowd. Be as a tower, that, firmly set,
 Shakes not its top for any blast that blows! 15
 He, in whose bosom thought on thought shoots out,
 Still of his aim is wide, in that the one
 Sicklies and wastes to nought the other's strength."
 What other could I answer save " I come?"
 I said it, somewhat with that colour ting'd 20
 Which oftentimes pardon meriteth for man.
 Meanwhile traverse along the hill there came,
 A little way before us, some who sang
 The " Miserere" in responsive strains.
 When they perceiv'd that through my body I 25
 Gave way not for the rays to pass, their song
 Strait to a long and hoarse exclaim they chang'd;
 And two of them, in guise of messengers,
 Ran on to meet us, and inquiring ask'd:
 " Of your condition we would gladly learn." 30

To them my guide. "Ye may return, and bear
 Tidings to them who sent you, that his frame
 Is real flesh. If, as I deem, to view
 His shade they paus'd, enough is answer'd them.
 Him let them honour, they may prize him well." 35

Ne'er saw I fiery vapours with such speed
 Cut through the serene air at fall of night,
 Nor August's clouds athwart the setting sun,
 That upward these did not in shorter space
 Return; and, there arriving, with the rest 40
 Wheel back on us, as with loose rein a troop.

"Many," exclaim'd the bard, "are these, who
 throng
 Around us: to petition thee they come.
 Go therefore on, and listen as thou go'st."

"O spirit! who go'st on to blessedness 45
 With the same limbs, that clad thee at thy birth,"
 Shouting they came, "a little rest thy step.
 Look if thou any one amongst our tribe
 Hast e'er beheld, that tidings of him there
 Thou mayst report. Ah, wherefore go'st thou on?
 Ah wherefore tarriest thou not? We all 51
 By violence died, and to our latest hour
 Were sinners, but then warn'd by light from heav'n,
 So that, repenting and forgiving, we
 Did issue out of life at peace with God, 55
 Who with desire to see him fills our heart."

Then I: "The visages of all I scan
 Yet none of ye remember. But if aught,
 That I can do, may please you, gentle spirits!
 Speak; and I will perform it, by that peace, 60
 Which on the steps of guide so excellent
 Following from world to world intent I seek."

In answer he began: "None here distrusts
 Thy kindness, though not promis'd with an oath;
 So as the will fail not for want of power. 65

Whence I, who sole before the others speak,
 Entreat thee, if thou ever see that land,
 Which lies between Romagna and the realm
 Of Charles, that of thy courtesy thou pray
 Those who inhabit Fano, that for me 70
 Their adorations duly be put up,
 By which I may purge off my grievous sins.
 From thence I came. But the deep passages,
 Whence issued out the blood wherein I dwelt,
 Upon my bosom in Antenor's land 75
 Were made, where to be more secure I thought.
 The author of the deed was Este's prince,
 Who, more than right could warrant, with his wrath
 Pursued me. Had I towards Mira fled,
 When overta'en at Oriaco, still 80
 Might I have breath'd. But to the marsh I sped,
 And in the mire and rushes tangled there
 Fell, and beheld my life-blood float the plain."
 Then said another: "Ah! so may the wish,
 That takes thee o'er the mountain, be fulfill'd, 85
 As thou shalt graciously give aid to mine.
 Of Montefeltro I; Buonconte I:
 Giovanna nor none else have care for me,
 Sorrowing with these I therefore go." I thus:
 "From Campaldino's field what force or chance 90
 Drew thee, that ne'er thy sepulture was known?"
 "Oh!" answer'd he, "at Casentino's foot
 A stream there courseth, nam'd Archiano, sprung
 In Apennine above the Hermit's seat.
 E'en where its name is cancel'd, there came I, 95
 Pierc'd in the heart, fleeing away on foot,
 And bloodying the plain. Here sight and speech
 Fail'd me, and finishing with Mary's name
 I fell, and tenantless my flesh remain'd.
 I will report the truth; which thou again 100
 Tell to the living. Me God's angel took,

Whilst he of hell exclaim'd: 'O thou from heav'n
 • Say wherefore hast thou robb'd me? Thou of him
 • Th' eternal portion bear'st with thee away
 • For one poor tear that he deprives me of. 105
 • But of the other, other rule I make.'

"Thou knowst how in the atmosphere collects
 That vapour dank, returning into water,
 Soon as it mounts where cold condenses it.
 That evil will, which in his intellect 110
 Still follows evil, came, and rais'd the wind
 And smoky mist, by virtue of the power
 Giv'n by his nature. Thence the valley, soon
 As day was spent, he cover'd o'er with cloud
 From Pratomagno to the mountain range, 115
 And stretch'd the sky above, so that the air
 Impregnate chang'd to water. Fell the rain,
 And to the fosses came all that the land
 Contain'd not; and, as mightiest streams are wont,
 To the great river with such headlong sweep 120
 Rush'd, that nought stay'd its course. My stiffen'd
 frame

Laid at his mouth the fell Archiano found,
 And dash'd it into Arno, from my breast
 Loos'ning the cross, that of myself I made
 When overcome with pain. He hurl'd me on, 125
 Along the banks and bottom of his course;
 Then in his muddy spoils encircling wrapt."

"Ah! when thou to the world shalt be return'd,
 And rested after thy long road," so spake
 Next the third spirit; "then remember me. 130
 I once was Pia. Sienna gave me life,
 Maremma took it from me. That he knows,
 Who me with jewell'd ring had first espous'd."

CANTO VI.

WHEN from their game of dice men separate,
 He, who hath lost, remains in sadness fix'd,
 Revolving in his mind, what luckless throws
 He cast: but meanwhile all the company
 Go with the other; one before him runs, 5
 And one behind his mantle twitches, one
 Fast by his side bids him remember him.
 He stops not; and each one, to whom his hand
 Is stretch'd, well knows he bids him stand aside;
 And thus he from the press defends himself. 10
 E'en such was I in that close-crouding throng;
 And turning so my face around to all,
 And promising, I 'scap'd from it with pains.
 Here of Arezzo him I saw, who fell
 By Ghino's cruel arm; and him beside, 15
 Who in his chase was swallow'd by the stream.
 Here Frederic Novello, with his hand
 Stretch'd forth, entreated; and of Pisa he,
 Who put the good Marzucco to such proof
 Of constancy. Count Orso I beheld; 20
 And from it's frame a soul dismiss'd for spite
 And envy, as it said, but for no crime:
 I speak of Peter de la Brosse; and here,
 While she yet lives, that Lady of Brabant
 Let her beware; lest for so false a deed 25
 She herd with worse than these. When I was freed
 From all those spirits, who pray'd for others' prayers
 To hasten on their state of blessedness;
 Strait I began: "O thou, my luminary!
 It seems expressly in thy text denied, 30

That heaven's supreme decree can ever bend
 To supplication ; yet with this design
 Do these entreat. Can then their hope be vain,
 Or is thy saying not to me reveal'd ?"

He thus to me : " Both what I write is plain, 35
 And these deceiv'd not in their hope, if well
 Thy mind consider, that the sacred height
 Of judgment doth not stoop, because love's flame
 In a short moment all fulfils, which he
 Who sojourns here, in right should satisfy. 40
 Besides, when I this point concluded thus,
 By praying no defect could be supplied ;
 Because the pray'r had none access to God.
 Yet in this deep suspicion rest thou not
 Contented, unless she assure thee so, 45
 Who betwixt truth and mind infuses light.
 I know not if thou take me right ; I mean
 Beatrice. Her thou shalt behold above,
 Upon this mountain's crown, fair seat of joy."

Then I : " Sir ! let us mend our speed ; for now 51
 I tire not as before : and lo ! the hill
 Stretches it's shadow far." He answer'd thus :
 " Our progress with this day shall be as much
 As we may now dispatch ; but otherwise 55
 Than thou supposest is the truth. For there
 Thou canst not be, ere thou once more behold
 Him back returning, who behind the steep
 Is now so hidden, that as erst his beam
 Thou dost not break. But lo ! a spirit there
 Stands solitary, and toward us looks : 60
 It will instruct us in the speediest way."

We soon approach'd it. O thou Lombard spirit !
 How didst thou stand, in high abstracted mood,
 Scarce moving with slow dignity thine eyes !
 It spoke not aught, but let us onward pass, 65
 Eying us as a lion on his watch.

But Virgil with entreaty mild advanc'd,
 Requesting it to show the best ascent.
 It answer to his question none return'd,
 But of our country and our kind of life 70
 Demanded. When my courteous guide began,
 " Mantua," the solitary shadow quick
 Rose tow'rds us from the place in which it stood,
 And cry'd, " Mantuan! I am thy countryman
 Sordello." Each the other then embrac'd. 75

Ah slavish Italy! thou inn of grief,
 Vessel without a pilot in loud storm,
 Lady no longer of fair provinces,
 But brothel-house impure! this gentle spirit,
 Ev'n from the pleasant sound of his dear land 80
 Was prompt to greet a fellow citizen
 With such glad cheer; while now thy living ones
 In thee abide not without war; and one
 Malicious gnaws another, ay of those 84
 Whom the same wall and the same moat contains.
 Seek, wretched one! around thy sea-coasts wide;
 Then homeward to thy bosom turn, and mark
 If any part of thee sweet peace enjoy.
 What boots it, that thy reins Justinian's hand
 Refitted, if thy saddle be unpress'd? 90
 Nought doth he now but aggravate thy shame.
 Ah people! thou obedient still shouldst live,
 And in the saddle let thy Cæsar sit,
 If well thou marked'st that which God commands.

Look how that beast to felness hath relaps'd 95
 From having lost correction of the spur,
 Since to the bridle thou hast set thine hand,
 O German Albert! who abandon'st her,
 That is grown savage and unmanageable,
 When thou should'st clasp her flanks with forked
 heels. 100
 Just judgment from the stars fall on thy blood!

And be it strange and manifest to all !
 Such as may strike thy successor with dread !
 For that thy sire and thou have suffer'd thus,
 Through greediness of yonder realms detain'd, 105
 The garden of the empire to run waste.
 Come see the Capulets and Montagues,
 The Philippeschi and Monaldi ! man
 Who car'st for nought ! those sunk in grief, and these
 With dire suspicion rack'd. Come, cruel one ! 110
 Come and behold the' oppression of the nobles,
 And mark their injuries : and thou mayst see,
 What safety Santafiore can supply.
 Come and behold thy Rome, who calls on thee,
 Desolate widow ! day and night with moans : 115
 " My Cæsar, why dost thou desert my side ?"
 Come and behold what love amoug thy people :
 And if no pity touches thee for us,
 Come, and blush for thine own report. For me,
 If it be lawful, O Almighty Power, 120
 Who wast in earth for our sakes crucified !
 Are thy just eyes turn'd elsewhere ? or is this
 A preparation in the wond'rous depth
 Of thy sage counsel made, for some good end,
 Entirely from our reach of thought cut off ? 125
 So are the' Italian cities all o'erthrong'd
 With tyrants, and a great Marcellus made
 Of every petty factious villager.
 My Florence ! thou mayst well remain unmov'd
 At this digression, which affects not thee : 130
 Thanks to thy people, who so wisely speed.
 Many have justice in their heart, that long
 Waiteth for counsel to direct the bow,
 Or ere it dart unto it's aim : but thine
 Have it on their lip's edge. Many refuse 135
 To bear the common burdens : readier thine
 Answer uncalls'd, and cry, " Behold I stoop !"

Make thyself glad, for thou hast reason now,
 Thou wealthy! thou at peace! thou wisdom-
 fraught!

Facts best will witness if I speak the truth. 140

Athens and Lacedæmon, who of old
 Enacted laws, for civil arts renown'd,
 Made little progress in improving life
 Tow'rds thee, who usest such nice subtlety,
 That to the middle of November scarce 145
 Reaches the thread thou in October weav'st.

How many times, within thy memory,
 Customs, and laws, and coins, and offices
 Have been by thee renew'd, and people chang'd!

If thou rememberst well and can'st see clear, 150
 Thou wilt perceive thyself like a sick wretch,
 Who finds no rest upon her down, but oft
 Shifting her side, short respite seeks from pain,

CANTO VII.

AFTER their courteous greetings joyfully
 Sev'n times exchang'd, Sordello backward drew
 Exclaiming, "Who are ye?" "Before this mount
 By spirits worthy of ascent to God
 Was sought, my bones had by Octavius' care 5
 Been buried. I am Virgil, for no sin
 Depriv'd of heav'n, except for lack of faith."

So answer'd him in few my gentle guide.

As one, who aught before him suddenly
 Beholding, whence his wonder riseth, cries 10
 "It is yet is not," wav'ring in belief;
 Such he appear'd; then downward bent his eyes,
 And, drawing near with reverential step,
 Caught him, where one of mean estate might clasp
 His lord. "Glory of Latium!" he exclaim'd, 15
 "In whom our tongue its utmost power display'd!
 Boast of my honour'd birth-place! what desert
 Of mine, what favour rather undeserv'd,
 Shows thee to me? If I to hear that voice
 Am worthy, say if from below thou com'st 20
 And from what cloister's pale?"—"Through every
 orb

Of that sad region," he reply'd, "thus far
 Am I arriv'd, by heav'nly influence led:
 And with such aid I come. There is a place
 There underneath, not made by torments sad, 25
 But by dun shades alone; where mourning's voice
 Sounds not of anguish sharp, but breathes in sighs.
 There I with little innocents abide,
 Who by death's fangs were bitten, ere exempt

From human taint. There I with those abide, 30
 Who the three holy virtues put not on,
 But understood the rest, and without blame
 Follow'd them all. But if thou know'st and canst,
 Direct us, how we soonest may arrive,
 Where Purgatory' it's true beginning takes." 35

He answer'd thus: " We have no certain place
 Assign'd us: upwards I may go or round.
 Far as I can, I join thee for thy guide.
 But thou beholdest now how day declines:
 And upwards to proceed by night, our power 40
 Excels: therefore it may be well to chuse
 A place of pleasant sojourn. To the right
 Some spirits sit apart retir'd. If thou
 Consentest, I to these will lead thy steps:
 And thou wilt know them, not without delight." 45
 " How chances this ? " was answer'd: " whose
 wish'd

To' ascend by night, would he be thence debarr'd
 By other, or through his own weakness fail ? "
 The good Sordello then, along the ground
 Trailing his finger, spoke: " Only this line 50
 Thou shalt not overpass, soon as the sun
 Hath disappear'd ; not that aught else impedes
 Thy going upwards, save the shades of night.
 These with the want of power perplex the will.
 With them thou haply might'st return beneath, 55
 Or to and fro around the mountain's side
 Wander, while day is in the horizon shut."

My master strait, as wond'ring at his speech,
 Exclaim'd: " Then lead us quickly, where thou sayst,
 That, while we stay, we may enjoy delight." 60

A little space we were remov'd from thence,
 When I perceiv'd the mountain hollow'd out,
 Ev'n as large valleys hollow'd out on earth.

" That way," the' escorting spirit cried, " we go,

Where in a bosom the high bank recedes : 63
And thou await renewal of the day."

Betwixt the steep and plain a crooked path
Led us traverse into the ridge's side,
Where more than half the sloping edge expires. 70
Refulgent gold, and silver thrice refin'd,

And scarlet grain and ceruse, Indian wood
Of lucid dye serene, fresh emeralds
But newly broken, by the herbs and flowers
Plac'd in that fair recess, in colour all
Had been surpass'd, as great surpasses less. 75

Nor nature only there lavish'd her hues,
But of the sweetness of a thousand smells
A rare and undistinguish'd fragrance made.

"Salve Regina," on the grass and flowers
Here chanting I beheld those spirits sit, 80
Who not beyond the valley could be seen.

"Before the west'ring sun sink to his bed,"
Began the Mantuan, who our steps had turn'd,
"Mid those desire not that I lead ye on.

For from this eminence ye shall discern 85
Better the acts and visages of all,

Than in the nether vale among them mix'd,
He, who sits high above the rest, and seems
To have neglected that he should have done,
And to the others' song moves not his lip, 90

The Emperor Rodolph call, who might have heal'd
The wounds whereof fair Italy hath died,
So that by others she revives but slowly.

He, who with kindly visage comforts him,
Sway'd in that country, where the water springs, 95
That Moldaw's river to the Elbe, and Elbe

Rolls to the ocean : Ottocar his name :

Who in his swaddling clothes was of more worth
Than Wincelaus his son, a bearded man,
I'amp'rd with rank luxuriousness and ease. 100

And that one with the nose deprest, who close
 In counsel seems with him of gentle look,
 Flying expir'd, with'ring the lily's flower.
 Look there how he doth knock against his breast!
 The other ye behold, who for his cheek 105
 Makes of one hand a couch, with frequent sighs.
 They are the father and the father-in-law
 Of Gallia's bane: his vicious life they know
 And foul; thence comes the grief that rends them
 thus.

" He, so robust of limb, who measure keeps 110
 In song, with him of feature prominent,
 With ev'ry virtue bore his girdle brac'd.
 And if that stripling who behind him sits,
 King after him had liv'd, his virtue then
 From vessel to like vessel had been pour'd; 115
 Which may not of the other heirs be said.
 By James and Frederick his realms are held;
 Neither the better heritage obtains.
 Rarely into the branches of the tree
 Doth human worth mount up; and so ordains 120
 He who bestows it, that as his free gift
 It may be call'd. To Charles my words apply
 No less than to his brother in the song;
 Which Pouille and Provence now with grief confess.
 So much that plant degenerates from its seed, 125
 As more than Beatrice and Margaret
 Costanza still boasts of her valorous spouse.

" Behold the king of simple life and plain,
 Harry of England, sitting there alone:
 He through his branches better issue spreads. 130
 " That one, who on the ground beneath the rest
 Sits lowest, yet his gaze directs aloft,
 Is William, that brave Marquis, for whose cause
 The deed of Alexandria and his war
 Makes Monferrat and Canavese weep." 135

CANTO VIII.

NOW was the hour that wakens fond desire
 In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart,
 Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
 And pilgrim newly on his road with love
 Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far, 5
 That seems to mourn for the expiring day:
 When I, no longer taking heed to hear,
 Began, with wonder, from those spirits to mark
 One risen from its seat, which with its hand
 Audience implor'd. Both palms it join'd and rais'd,
 Fixing its stedfast gaze toward the east, 11
 As telling God, "I care for nought beside."
 "Te Lucis Ante," so devoutly then
 Came from its lip, and in so soft a strain,
 That all my sense in ravishment was lost. 15
 And the rest after, softly and devout,
 Follow'd through all the hymn, with upward gaze
 Directed to the bright supernal wheels.
 Here, Reader! for the truth make thine eyes
 keem:
 For of so subtle texture is this veil, 20
 That thou with ease mayst pass it through unmark'd.
 I saw that gentle band silently next
 Look up, as if in expectation held,
 Pale and in lowly guise; and from on high
 I saw forth issuing descend beneath 25
 Two angels with two flame-illumin'd swords,
 Broken and mutilated of their points.
 Green as the tender leaves but newly born,
 Their vesture was, the which by wings as green

Beaten, they drew behind them, fann'd in air. 30
 A little over us one took his stand,
 The other lighted on the' opposing hill,
 So that the troop were in the midst contain'd.

Well I descried the whiteness on their heads;
 But in their visages the dazzled eye 3
 Was lost, as faculty that by too much
 Is overpower'd. "From Mary's bosom both
 Are come," exclaim'd Sordello, "as a guard
 Over the vale, 'gainst him, who hither tends,
 The serpent." Whence, not knowing by which path
 He came, I turn'd me round, and closely prest, 41
 All frozen, to my leader's trusted side.

Sordello paus'd not: "To the valley now
 (For it is time) let us descend; and hold
 Converse with those great shadows: haply much 45
 Their sight may please ye." Only three steps down
 Methinks I measur'd, ere I was beneath,
 And noted one who look'd as with desire
 To know me. Time was now that air grew dim;
 Yet not so dim, that 'twixt his eyes and mine 50
 It clear'd not up what was conceal'd before.
 Mutually tow'rd's each other we advanc'd.

Nino, thou courteous judge! what joy I felt,
 When I perceiv'd thou wert not with the bad!
 No salutation kind on either part 55

Was left unsaid. He then inquir'd: "How long
 Since thou arriv'd'st at the mountain's foot,
 Over the distant waves?"—"O!" answer'd I,
 "Through the sad seats of woe this morn I came,
 And still in my first life, thus journeying on, 60
 The other strive to gain." Soon as they heard
 My words, he and Sordello backward drew,
 As suddenly amaz'd. To Virgil one,
 The other to a spirit turn'd, who near

Was seated, crying: "Conrad! up with speed: 65
 Come, see what of his grace high God hath will'd."
 Then turning round to me: "By that rare mark
 Of honour, which thou ow'st to him, who hides
 So deeply his first cause, it hath no ford,
 When thou shalt be beyond the vast of waves, 70
 Tell my Giovanna, that for me she call
 There, where reply to innocence is made.
 Her mother, I believe, loves me no more;
 Since she has chang'd the white and wimpled
 folds,

Which she is doom'd once more with grief to wish.
 By her it easily may be perceiv'd, 76
 How long in woman lasts the flame of love,
 If sight and touch do not relume it oft.
 For her so fair a burial will not make
 The viper, which calls Milan to the field, 80
 As had been made by shrill Gallura's bird."

He spoke, and in his visage took the stamp
 Of that right zeal, which with due temperature
 Glows in the bosom. My insatiate eyes
 Meanwhile to heav'n had travel'd, even there 85
 Where the bright stars are slowest, as a wheel
 Nearest the axle; when my guide inquir'd:
 "What there aloft, my son, has caught thy gaze?"

I answer'd: "The three torches, with which
 here

The pole is all on fire." He then to me: 90
 "The four resplendent stars, thou saw'st this morn,
 Are there beneath, and these ris'n in their stead."

While yet he spoke, Sordello to himself
 Drew him, and cry'd: "Lo there our enemy!"
 And with his hand pointed that way to look. 95

Along the side, where barrier none arose
 Around the little vale, a serpent lay,

Such haply as gave Eve the bitter food.
 Between the grass and flowers, the evil snake
 Came on, reverting oft his lifted head; 100
 And, as a beast that smooths it's polish'd coat
 Licking his back. I saw not, nor can tell,
 How those celestial falcons from their seat
 Mov'd, but in motion each one well descried;
 Hearing the air cut by their verdant plumes. 105
 The serpent fled; and to their stations back
 The angels up return'd with equal flight.

The spirit, (who to Nino, when he call'd,
 Had come) from viewing me with fixed ken,
 Through all that conflict, loosen'd not his sight. 110
 "So may the lamp, which leads thee up on
 high,

Find, in thy destin'd lot, of wax so much,
 As may suffice thee to the enamel'd height,"
 It thus began: "If any certain news
 Of Valdimagra and the neighbour part 115
 Thou know'st, tell me, who once was mighty there.
 They call'd me Conrad Malaspina, not
 That old one, but from him I sprang. The love
 I bore my people is now here refin'd." 119

"In your domains," I answer'd, "ne'er was I.
 But through all Europe where do those men dwell,
 To whom their glory is not manifest?
 The fame, that honours your illustrious house,
 Proclaims the nobles and proclaims the land;
 So that he knows it who was never there. 125
 I swear to you, so may my upward route
 Prosper! your honour'd nation not impairs
 The value of her coffer and her sword.
 Nature and use give her such privilege,
 That while the world is twisted from his course 130
 By a bad head, she only walks aright,

And has the evil way in scorn." He then :
 " Now pass thee on : sev'n times the tired sun
 Revisits not the couch, which with four feet
 The forked Aries covers, ere that kind 135
 Opinion shall be nail'd into thy brain
 With stronger nails than other's speech can drive,
 If the sure course of judgment be not stay'd."

CANTO IX.

NOW the fair consort of Tithonus old,
 Arisen from her mate's beloved arms,
 Look'd palely o'er the eastern cliff: her brow,
 Lucent with jewels, glitter'd, set in sign
 Of that chill animal, who with his train
 Smites fearful nations: and where then we were, 5
 Two steps of her ascent the night had past,
 And now the third was closing up it's wing,
 When I, who had so much of Adam with me,
 Sank down upon the grass, o'ercome with sleep, 10
 There where all five were seated. In that hour,
 When near the dawn the swallow her sad lay,
 Rememb'ring haply ancient grief, renews,
 And when our minds more wand'ers from the flesh,
 And less by thought restrain'd, are, as 't were, full
 Of holy divination in their dreams, 16
 Then in a vision did I seem to view
 A golden-feather'd eagle in the sky,
 With open wings, and hov'ring for descent,
 And I was in that place, methought, from whence
 Young Ganymede, from his associates 'rest, 21
 Was snatch'd aloft to the high consistory.
 "Perhaps," thought I within me, "here alone
 He strikes his quarry, and elsewhere disdains
 To pounce upon the prey." Therewith, it seem'd,
 A little wheeling in his æry tour 26
 Terrible as the lightning rush'd he down,
 And snatch'd me upward even to the fire.
 There both, I thought, the eagle and myself

Did burn; and so intense th' imagin'd flames, 30
 That needs my sleep was broken off. As erst
 Achilles shook himself, and round him roll'd
 His waken'd eyeballs wond'ring where he was,
 Whenas his mother had from Chiron fled
 To Scyros, with him sleeping in her arms; 35
 E'en thus I shook me, soon as from my face
 The slumber parted, turning deadly pale,
 Like one ice-struck with dread. Sole at my side
 My comfort stood: and the bright sun was now
 More than two hours aloft: and to the sea 40
 My looks were turn'd. "Fear not," my master
 cried,
 "Assur'd we are at happy point. Thy strength
 Shrink not, but rise dilated. Thou art come
 To Purgatory now. Lo! there the cliff
 That circling bounds it! Lo: the entrance there,
 Where it doth seem disparted! Ere the dawn 46
 Usher'd the day-light, when thy wearied soul
 Slept in thee, o'er the flowery vale beneath
 A lady came, and thus bespake me: 'I
 Am Lucia. Suffer me to take this man, 50
 Who slumbers. Easier so his way shall speed.'
 Bordello and the other gentle shapes
 Tarrying, she bare thee up: and, as day shone,
 This summit reach'd: and I pursued her steps.
 Here did she place thee. First her lovely eyes 55
 That open entrance show'd me; then at once
 She vanish'd with thy sleep." Like one, whose
 doubts
 Are chas'd by certainty, and terror turn'd
 To comfort on discovery of the truth,
 Such was the change in me: and as my guide 60
 Beheld me fearless, up along the cliff
 He mov'd, and I behind him, towards the height.

Reader! thou markest how my theme doth rise,
 Nor wonder therefore, if more artfully
 I prop the structure! Nearer now we drew, 65
 Arriv'd, whence in that part, where first a breach
 As of a wall appear'd, I could descry
 A portal, and three steps beneath, that led
 For inlet there, of different colour each,
 And one who watch'd, but spake not yet a word. 70
 As more and more mine eye did stretch its view,
 I mark'd him seated on the highest step,
 In visage such, as past my power to bear.
 Grasp'd in his hand a naked sword, glanc'd back
 The rays so towards me, that I oft in vain 75
 My sight directed. "Speak from whence ye stand:"
 He cried: "What would ye? Where is your es-
 cort?"

Take heed your coming upward harm ye not."

"A heavenly dame, not skillless of these things,"
 Replied the' instructor, "told us, even now, 80
 'Pass that way: here the gate is.'—"And may she
 Befriending prosper your ascent," resum'd
 The courteous keeper of the gate: "Come then
 Before our steps." We straightway thither came.

The lowest stair was marble white, so smooth 85
 And polish'd, that therein my mirror'd form
 Distinct I saw. The next of hue more dark
 Than sablest grain, a rough and singed block,
 Crack'd lengthwise and across. The third, that lay
 Massy above, seem'd porphyry, that flam'd 90
 Red as the life-blood spouting from a vein.
 On this God's angel either foot sustain'd,
 Upon the threshold seated, which appear'd
 A rock of diamond. Up the trinal steps
 My leader cheerly drew me. "Ask," said he, 95
 "With humble heart, that he unbar the bolt."

Piously at his holy feet devolv'd
 I cast me, praying him for pity's sake
 That he would open to me; but first fell
 Thrice on my bosom prostrate. Seven times, 100
 The letter, that denotes the inward stain,
 He on my forehead with the blunted point
 Of his drawn sword inscrib'd. And "Look," he
 cried,

"When enter'd, that thou wash these scars away."

Ashes, or earth ta'en dry out of the ground, 105
 Were of one colour with the robe he wore.

From underneath that vestment forth he drew
 Two keys of metal twain: the one was gold,
 It's fellow silver. With the pallid first,
 And next the burnish'd, he so ply'd the gate, 110

As to content me well. "Whenever one
 Faileth of these, that in the key-hole straight
 It turn not, to this alley then expect
 Access in vain." Such were the words he spake.

"One is more precious: but the other needs 115

Skill and sagacity, large share of each,
 Ere its good task to disengage the knot

Be worthily perform'd. From Peter these

I hold, of him instructed, that I err

Rather in opening than in keeping fast; 120

So but the suppliant at my feet implore."

Then of that hallow'd gate he thrust the door,

Exclaiming, "Enter, but this warning hear:

He forth again departs who looks behind."

As in the hinges of that sacred ward 125

The swivels turn'd, sonorous metal strong,

Harsh was the grating; nor so surlily

Roar'd the Tarpeian, when by force bereft

Of good Metellus, thenceforth from his loss

To leanness doom'd. Attentively I turn'd, 130

List'ning the thunder, that first issued forth;
And "We praise thee, O God," methought I heard
In accents blended with sweet melody.
The strains came o'er mine ear, e'en as the sound
Of choral voices, that in solemn chant 135
With organ mingle, and, now high and clear,
Come swelling, now float indistinct away.

CANTO X.

WHEN we had past the threshold of the gate,
 (Which the soul's ill affection doth disuse,
 Making the crooked seem the straighter path)
 I heard its closing sound. Had mine eyes turn'd,
 For that offence what plea might have avail'd? 5

We mounted up the riven rock, that wound
 On either side alternate, as the wave
 Flies and advances. "Here some little art
 Behoves us," said my leader, "that our steps
 Observe the varying flexure of the path." 10

Thus we so slowly sped, that with cleft orb
 The moon once more o'erhangs her watry couch,
 Ere we that strait have threaded. But when free
 We came and open, where the mount above
 One solid mass retires, I spent, with toil, 15
 And both, uncertain of the way, we stood,
 Upon a plain more lonesome, than the roads
 That traverse desert wilds. From whence the brink
 Borders upon vacuity, to foot
 Of the steep bank, that rises still, the space 20
 Had measur'd thrice the stature of a man:
 And, distant as mine eye could wing it's flight,
 To leftward now and now to right dispatch'd,
 That cornice equal in extent appear'd.

Not yet our feet had on that summit mov'd, 25
 When I discover'd that the bank around,
 Whose proud uprising all ascent denied,
 Was marble white, and so exactly wrought
 With quaintest sculpture, that not there alone
 Had Polycletus, but e'en nature's self 30

Been sham'd. The angel, (who came down to earth
 With tidings of the peace so many years
 Wept for in vain, that oped the heavenly gates
 From their long interdict) before us seem'd,
 In a sweet act, so sculptur'd to the life, 35
 He look'd no silent image. One had sworn
 He had said "Hail!" for she was imag'd there,
 By whom the key did open to God's love,
 And in her act as sensibly imprest
 That word, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord,"
 As figure seal'd on wax. "Fix not thy mind 41
 On one place only," said the guide belov'd,
 Who had me near him on that part where lies
 The heart of man. My sight forthwith I turn'd
 And mark'd, behind the virgin mother's form, 45
 Upon that side, where he, that mov'd me, stood,
 Another story graven on the rock.

I past athwart the bard, and drew me near,
 That it might stand more aptly for my view.
 There in the self-same marble were engrav'd 50
 The cart and kine, drawing the sacred ark,
 That from unbidden office awes mankind.
 Before it came much people; and the whole
 Parted in seven quires. One sense cried "Nay,"
 Another, "Yes, they sing." Like doubt arose 55
 Betwixt the eye and smell, from the curl'd fume
 Of incense breathing up the well-wrought toil.
 Preceding the blest vessel, onward came
 With light dance leaping, girt in humble guise,
 Sweet's Israel's harper: in that hap he seem'd 60
 Less and yet more than kingly. Opposite,
 At a great palace, from the lattice forth
 Look'd Michol, like a lady full of scorn
 And sorrow. To behold the tablet next,
 Which at the back of Michol whitely shone, 65
 I mov'd me. There was storied on the rock

The' exalted glory of the Roman prince,
Whose mighty worth mov'd Gregory to earn
His mighty conquest, Trajan th' Emperor.

A widow at his bridle stood, attir'd 70
In tears and mourning. Round about them troop'd
Full throng of knights, and overhead in gold
The eagles floated, struggling with the wind.
The wretch appear'd amid all these to say :
" Grant vengeance, Sire! for, woe beshrew this
heart! 75

My son is murder'd." He replying seem'd ;
" Wait now till I return." And she, as one
Made hasty by her grief: " O Sire, if thou
Dost not return?"—" Where I am, who then is, 79
May right thee."—" What to thee is other's good,
If thou neglect thy own?"—" Now comfort thee,"
At length he answers. " It beseemeth well
My duty be perform'd, ere I move hence :
So justice wills ; and pity bids me stay."

He, whose ken nothing new surveys, produc'd 85
That visible speaking, new to us and strange,
The like not found on earth. Fondly I gaz'd
Upon those patterns of meek humbleness,
Shapes yet more precious for their artist's sake,
When " Lo," the poet whisper'd, " where this way,
(But slack their pace,) a multitude advance. 91
These to the lofty steps shall guide us on."

Mine eyes, though bent on view of novel sights
Their lov'd allurements, were not slow to turn.

Reader ! I would not that amaz'd thou miss 95
Of thy good purpose, hearing how just God
Decrees our debts be cancel'd. Ponder not
The form of suff'ring. Think on what succeeds,
Think that at worst beyond the mighty doom
It cannot pass. " Instructor, I began, 100
" What I see hither tending, bears no trace

OF human semblance, nor of aught beside
That my foil'd sight can guess." He answering
 thus:

" So croub'd to earth, beneath their heavy teems
Of torment stoop they, that mine eye at first 105
Struggled as thine. But look intently thither,
And disentangle with thy lab'ring view,
What underneath those stones approacheth: now,
E'en now, may'st thou discern the pangs of each."

Christians and proud! O poor and wretched ones!
That feeble in the mind's eye, lean your trust 111
Upon unstaidd perverseness! Know ye not
That we are worms, yet made at last to form
The winged insect, imp'd with angel plumes
That to heaven's justice unobstructed soars? 115
Why buoy ye up aloft your unfledg'd souls?
Abortive then and shapeless ye remain,
Like the untimely embryo of a worm!

As, to support incumbent floor or roof,
For corbel is a figure sometimes seen, 120
That crumples up it's knees unto it's breast,
With the feign'd posture stirring ruth unfeign'd
In the beholder's fancy; so I saw
These fashion'd, when I noted well their guise.

Each, as his back was laden, came indeed 125
Or more or less contract; but it appear'd
As he, who show'd most patience in his look,
Wailing exclaim'd: "I can endure no more."

CANTO XI.

“ O THOU Almighty Father, who dost make
 The heavens thy dwelling, not in bounds confin'd,
 But that with love intenser there thou views't
 Thy primal effluence, hallow'd be thy name:
 Join each created being to extol 5
 Thy might, for worthy humblest thanks and praise
 Is thy blest Spirit. May thy kingdom's peace
 Come unto us; for we, unless it come,
 With all our striving thither tend in vain.
 As of their will the angels unto thee 10
 Tender meet sacrifice, circling thy throne
 With loud hosannas, so of their's be done
 By saintly men on earth. Grant us this day
 Our daily manna, without which he roams
 Through this rough desert retrograde, who most 15
 Toils to advance his steps. As we to each
 Pardon the evil done us, pardon thou
 Benign, and of our merit take no count.
 'Gainst the old adversary prove thou not
 Our virtue easily subdu'd; but free 20
 From his incitements and defeat his wiles.
 This last petition, dearest Lord! is made
 Not for ourselves, since that were needless now,
 But for their sakes who after us remain.”

Thus for themselves and us good speed imploring,
 Those spirits went beneath a weight like that 26
 We sometimes feel in dreams, all, sore beset,
 But with unequal anguish, wearied all,
 Round the first circuit, purging, as they go,

The world's gross darkness off. In our behoof 30
 If there vows still be offer'd, what can here
 For them be vow'd and done by such, whose wills
 Have root of goodness in them? Well beseems
 That we should help them wash away the stains
 They carried hence, that so, made pure and light,
 They may spring upward to the starry spheres. 35

" Ah ! so may mercy-temper'd justice rid
 Your burdens speedily, that ye have power
 To stretch your wing, which e'en to your desire
 Shall lift you, as ye show us on which hand 40
 Toward the ladder leads the shortest way.

And if there be more passages than one,
 Instruct us of that easiest to ascend ;
 For this man who comes with me, and bears yet
 The charge of fleshly raiment Adam left him, 45
 Despite his better will but slowly mounts."
 From whom the answer came unto these words,
 Which my guide spake, appear'd not ; but 'twas
 said :

" Along the bank to rightward come with us,
 And ye shall find a pass that mocks not toil 50
 Of living man to climb : and were it not
 That I am hinder'd by the rock, wherewith
 This arrogant neck is tam'd, whence needs I stoop
 My visage to the ground, him, who yet lives,
 Whose name thou speak'st not, him I fain would
 view, 55

To mark if e'er I knew him, and to crave
 His pity for the fardel that I bear.
 I was of Latium, of a Tuscan born
 A mighty one : Aldobrandesco's name
 My sire's, I know not if ye e'er have heard. 60
 My old blood and forefather's gallant deeds
 Made me so haughty, that I clean forgot

The common mother, and to such excess,
 Wax'd in my scorn of all men, that I fell,
 Fell therefore; by what fate, Sienna's sons, 65
 Each child in Campagnatico, can tell.

I am Umberto; not me only pride
 Hath injur'd, but my kindred all involv'd
 In mischief with her. Here my lot ordains
 Under this weight to groan, till I appease 70
 God's angry justice, since I did it not
 Amongst the living, here amongst the dead."

List'ning I bent my visage down: and one
 (Not he who spake) twisted beneath the weight
 That urg'd him, saw me, knew me straight, and call'd,
 Holding his eyes with difficulty fix'd 76

Intent upon me, stooping as I went
 Companion of their way. "O!" I exclaim'd
 "Art thou not Oderigi, art not thou
 Agobbio's glory, glory of that art 80
 Which they of Paris call the limner's skill?"

"Brother!" said he, "with tints, that gayer
 smile,

Bolognian Franco's pencil lines the leaves.
 His all the honour now; mine borrow'd light.
 In truth I had not been thus courteous to him, 85
 The whilst I liv'd, through eagerness of zeal
 For that preeminence my heart was bent on.
 Here of such pride the forfeiture is paid.

Nor were I even here; if, able still
 To sin, I had not turn'd me unto God. 90
 O powers of man! how vain your glory, nipp'd
 E'en in its height of verdure, if an age
 Less bright succeed not! Cimabue thought
 To lord it over painting's field; and now
 The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclips'd. 96

Thus hath one Guido from the other snatch'd

The letter'd prize: and he perhaps is born,
 Who shall drive either from their nest. The noise
 Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind, 100
 That blows from diverse points, and shifts it's name
 Shifting the point it blows from. Shalt thou more
 Live in the mouths of mankind, if thy flesh
 Part shrivel'd from thee, than if thou had'st died,
 Before the coral and the pap were left, 105
 Or ere some thousand years have past? and that
 Is, to eternity compar'd, a space,
 Briefer, than is the twinkling of an eye
 To the heaven's slowest orb. He there who treads
 So leisurely before me, far and wide 110
 Through Tuscan resounded once; and now
 Is in Sienna scarce with whispers nam'd:
 There was he sov'reign, when destruction caught
 The madd'ning rage of Florence, in that day
 Proud as she now is loathsome. Your renown 115
 Is as the herb, whose hue doth come and go,
 And his might withers it, by whom it sprang
 Crude from the lap of earth." I thus to him:
 " True are thy sayings: to my heart they breathe
 The kindly spirit of meekness, and allay 120
 What tumours rankle there. But who is he
 Of whom thou spak'st but now?"—" This," he re-
 plied:
 " Is Provenzano. He is here, because
 He reach'd, with grasp presumptuous, at the sway
 Of all Sienna. Thus he still hath gone, 125
 Thus goeth never-resting, since he died.
 Such is th' acquittance render'd back of him,
 Who, beyond measure, dar'd on earth." I then:
 " If soul, that to the verge of life delays
 Repentance, linger in that lower space, 130
 Nor hither mount, unless good prayers befriend,
 How chauc'd admittance was vouchsaf'd to him?"

" When at his glory's topmost height," said he,
 " Respect of dignity all cast aside,
 Freely he fix'd him on Sienna's plain, 135
 A suitor to redeem his suff'ring friend,
 Who languish'd in the prison-house of Charles,
 Nor for his sake refus'd through every vein
 To tremble. More I will not say; and dark,
 I know, my words are, but thy neighbours soon 140
 Shall help thee to a comment on the text.
 This is the work, that from these limits freed him."

CANTO XII.

WITH equal pace as oxen in the yoke,
 I with that laden spirit journey'd on
 Long as the mild instructor suffer'd me;
 But when he bade me quit him, and proceed,
 (For "here," said he, "behoves with sail and oars
 Each man, as best he may, push on his bark,") 6
 Upright, as one dispos'd for speed, I rais'd
 My body, still in thought submissive bow'd.

I now my leader's track not loth pursued;
 And each had shown how light we far'd along 10
 When thus he warn'd me: "Bend thine eyesight
 down:

For thou to ease the way shalt find it good
 To ruminate the bed beneath thy feet."

As in memorial of the buried, drawn
 Upon earth-level tombs, the sculptur'd form 15
 Of what was once, appears, (at sight whereof
 Tears often stream forth by remembrance wak'd,
 Whose sacred stings the piteous only feel,)
 So saw I there, but with more curious skill
 Of portraiture o'erwrought, whate'er of space 20
 From forth the mountain stretches, On one part
 Him I beheld, above all creatures erst
 Created noblest, light'ning fall from heaven:
 On th' other side with bolt celestial pierc'd
 Briareus: cumb'ring earth he lay through dint 25
 Of mortal ice-stroke. The Thymbræan god,
 With Mars, I saw, and Pallas, round their sire,
 Arm'd still, and gazing on the giant's limbs
 Strewn o'er th' ethereal field. Nimrod I saw:

At foot of the stupendous work he stood, 30
 As if bewilder'd, looking on the croud
 Leagued in his proud attempt on Sennaar's plain.

O Niobe! in what a trance of woe
 Thee I beheld, upon that highway drawn,
 Sev'n sons on either side thee slain! O Saul! 35
 How ghastly didst thou look! on thine own sword
 Expiring in Gilboa, from that hour
 Ne'er visited with rain from heav'n or dew!

O fond Arachne! thee I also saw
 Half spider now in anguish crawling up 40
 Th' unfinish'd web thou weaved'st to thy bane!

O Rehoboam! here thy shape doth seem
 Louring no more defiance! but fear-smote
 With none to chase him in his chariot whirl'd.

Was shown beside upon the solid floor 45
 How dear Alcmaeon forc'd his mother rate
 That ornament in evil hour receiv'd:
 How in the temple on Sennacherib fell
 His sons, and how a corpse they left him there.
 Was shown the scath and cruel mangling made 50
 By Tomyris on Cyrus, when she cried:

"Blood thou didst thirst for, take thy fill of blood!"
 Was shown how routed in the battle fled
 Th' Assyrians, Holofernes slain, and e'en 55
 The relics of the carnage. Troy I mark'd
 In ashes and in caverus. Oh! how fall'n
 How abject, Ilion, was thy semblance there!

What master of the pencil or the style
 Had trac'd the shades and lines, that might have
 made

The subtlest workman wonder? Dead the dead, 60
 The living seem'd alive; with clearer view
 His eye beheld not who beheld the truth,
 Than mine what I did tread on, while I went
 Low bending. Now swell out; and with stiff necks

Pass on, ye sons of Eve! vale not your looks, 65
 Lest they descry the evil of your path!

I noted not (so busied was my thought.)

How much we now had circled of the mount,
 And of his course yet more the sun had spent,
 When he, who with still wakeful caution went, 70

Admonish'd: "Raise thou up thy head: for know
 Time is not now for slow suspense. Behold

That way an angel hasting towards us! Lo
 Where duly the sixth handmaid doth return
 From service on the day. Wear thou in look 75

And gesture seemly grace of reverent awe,
 That gladly he may forward us aloft.
 Consider that this day ne'er dawns again."

Time's loss he had so often warn'd me 'gainst,
 I could not miss the scope at which he aim'd. 80

The goodly shape approach'd us, snowy white
 In vesture, and with visage casting streams
 Of tremulous lustre like the matin star.

His arms he open'd, then his wings; and spake;
 "Onward: the steps, behold! are near; and now
 Th' ascent is without difficulty gain'd." 85

A scanty few are they, who when they hear
 Such tidings, hasten. O ye race of men

Though born to soar, why suffer ye a wind
 So slight to baffle ye? He led us on 90

Where the rock parted; here against my front
 Did beat his wings, then promis'd I should fare
 In safety on my way. As to ascend

That steep, upon whose brow the chapel stands
 (O'er Rubaconte, looking lordly down 95

On the well-guided city,) up the right
 Th' impetuous rise is broken by the steps

Carv'd in that old and simple age, when still
 The registry and label rested safe;

Thus is th' acclivity reliev'd, which here 100

Precipitous from the other circuit falls!
But on each hand the tall cliff presses close.

As ent'ring there we turn'd, voices, in strain
Ineffable, sang: "Blessed are the poor
In spirit." Ah how far unlike to these 106

The straits of hell; here songs to usher us,
There shrieks of woe! We climb the holy stairs:
And lighter to myself by far I seem'd

Than on the plain before, whence thus I spake:
"Say, master, of what heavy thing have I 110

Been lighten'd, that scarce aught the sense of toil
Affects me journeying?" He in few replied:

"When sin's broad characters, that yet remain
Upon thy temples, though well nigh effac'd,
Shall be, as one is, all clean razed out, 115

Then shall thy feet by heartiness of will
Be so o'ercome, they not alone shall feel
No sense of labour, but delight much more
Shall wait them urg'd along their upward way."

Then like to one, upon whose head is plac'd 120
Somewhat he deems not of but from the becks

Of others as they pass him by; his hand
Lends therefore help to assure him, searches, finds,
And well performs such office as the eye

Wants power to execute; so stretching forth 125
The fingers of my right hand, did I find

Six only of the letters, which his sword
Who bare the keys had trac'd upon my brow.
The leader, as he mark'd mine action, smil'd.

CANTO XIII.

WE reach'd the summit of the scale, and stood
 Upon the second buttress of that mount
 Which healeth him who climbs. A cornice there,
 Like to the former, girdles round the hill;
 Save that it's arch with sweep less ample bends. 5

Shadow nor image there is seen; all smooth
 The rampart and the path, reflecting nought
 But the rock's sullen hue. "If here we wait
 For some to question," said the bard, "I fear
 Our choice may haply meet too long delay." 10

Then fixedly upon the sun his eyes
 He fasten'd, made his right the central point
 From whence to move, and turn'd the left aside.
 "O pleasant light, my confidence and hope,
 Conduct us thou," he cried, "on this new way, 15
 Where now I venture, leading to the bourn
 We seek. The universal world to thee
 Owes warmth and lustre. If no other cause
 Forbid, thy beams should ever be our guide."

Far, as is measur'd for a mile on earth, 20
 In brief space had we journey'd; such prompt
 will

Impell'd; and towards us flying, now were heard
 Spirits invisible, who courteously
 Unto love's table bade the welcome guest.
 The voice, that first flew by, call'd forth aloud, 25
 "They have no wine;" so on behind us past,
 Those sounds reiterating, nor yet lost
 In the faint distance, when another came
 Crying, "I am Orestes," and alike

Wing'd its fleet way. "O father!" I exclaim'd, 30
 "What tongues are these?" and as I question'd, lo!
 A third exclaiming, "Love ye those have wrong'd
 you."

"This circuit," said my teacher, "knots the
 scourge

For envy, and the cords are therefore drawn
 By charity's correcting hand. The curb 35
 Is of a harsher sound, as thou shalt hear
 (If I deem rightly,) ere thou reach the pass,
 Where pardon sets them free. But fix thine eyes
 Intently through the air, and thou shalt see
 A multitude before thee seated, each 40
 Along the shelving grot." Then more than erst
 I op'd mine eyes, before me view'd, and saw
 Shadows with garments dark as was the rock;
 And when we pass'd a little forth, I heard
 A crying, "Blessed Mary! pray for us, 45
 Michael and Peter! all ye saintly host!"

I do not think there walks on earth this day
 Man so remorseless, that he had not yearn'd
 With pity at the sight that next I saw.
 Mine eyes a load of sorrow teem'd, when now 50
 I stood so near them, that their semblances
 Came clearly to my view. Of sackcloth vile
 Their cov'ring seem'd; and on his shoulder one
 Did stay another, leaning, and all lean'd
 Against the cliff. E'en thus the blind and poor, 55
 Near the confessionals, to crave an alms,
 Stand, each his head upon his fellow's sunk,
 So most to stir compassion, not by sound
 Of words alone, but that, which moves not less,
 The sight of mis'ry. And as never beam 60
 Of noon-day visiteth the eyeless man,
 E'en so was heav'n a niggard unto these
 Of his fair light; for, through the orbs of all,

▲ thread of wire, impiercing, knits them up,
As for the taming of a haggard hawk. 65

It were a wrong, methought, to pass and look
On others, yet myself the while unseen.
To my sage counsel therefore did I turn.
He knew the meaning of the mute appeal,
Nor waited for my questioning, but said : 70

"Speak ; and be brief, be subtle in thy words."
On that part of the cornice, whence no rim
Engarlands its steep fall, did Virgil come ;
On the' other side me were the spirits, their cheeks
Bathing devout with penitential tears, 75
That through the dread impalement forc'd a way.

I turn'd me to them, and "O shades !" said I,
"Assur'd that to your eyes unveil'd shall shine
The lofty light, sole object of your wish,
So may heaven's grace clear whatsoe'er of foam 80
Floats turbid on the conscience, that thenceforth
The stream of mind roll limpid from it's source,
As ye declare (for so shall ye impart
A boon I dearly prize) if any soul
Of Latium dwell among ye ; and perchance 85
That soul may profit, if I learn so much."

"My brother, we are each one citizens
Of one true city. Any thou wouldst say,
Who liv'd a stranger in Italia's land."

So heard I answering, as appear'd, a voice 90
That onward came some space from whence I stood.

A spirit I noted, in whose look was mark'd
Expectance. Ask ye how ? The chin was rais'd
As in one reft of sight. "Spirit," said I,
"Who for thy rise are tutoring (if thou be 95
That which didst answer to me,) or by place,
Or name, disclose thyself, that I may know thee."

"I was," it answer'd, "of Sienna : here
I cleanse away with these the evil life,

Soliciting with tears that He, who is, 100
 Vouchsafe him to us. Though Sapia nam'd
 In sapience I excell'd not, gladder far
 Of others' hurt, than of the good befel me.
 That thou mayst own I now deceive thee not,
 Hear, if my folly were not as I speak it. 105
 When now my years slop'd waning down the arch,
 It so bechanc'd, my fellow-citizens
 Near Colle met their enemies in the field,
 And I pray'd God to grant what He had will'd.
 There were they vanquish'd, and betook themselves
 Unto the bitter passages of flight. 111
 I mark'd the hunt, and waxing out of bounds
 In gladness, lifted up my shameless brow,
 And like the merlin cheated by a gleam,
 Cried, 'It is over. Heav'n! I fear thee not.' 115
 Upon my verge of life I wish'd for peace
 With God; nor yet repentance had supplied
 What I did lack of duty, were it not
 The hermit Piero, touch'd with charity,
 In his devout oraisons thought on me. 120
 But who art thou that question'st of our state,
 Who go'st to my belief, with lids unclos'd,
 And breathe'st in thy talk?"—"Mine eyes," said I,
 "May yet be here ta'en from me; but not long;
 For they have not offended grievously 125
 With envious glances. But the woe beneath
 Urges my soul with more exceeding dread.
 That nether load already weighs me down."
 She thus: "Who then amongst us here aloft
 Hath brought thee, if thou weenest to return?" 130
 "He," answer'd I, "who standeth mute beside
 me.
 I live: of me ask therefore, chosen spirit,
 If thou desire I yonder yet should move
 For thee my mortal feet."—"Oh!" she replied,

" This is so strange a thing, it is great sign 135
 That God doth love thee. Therefore with thy prayer
 Sometime assist me : and by that I crave,
 Which most thou covetest, that if thy feet
 E'er tread on Tuscan soil, thou save my fame
 Amongst my kindred. Them shalt thou behold 140
 With that vain multitude, who set their hope
 On Telamone's haven, there to fail
 Confounded, more than when the fancied stream
 They sought of Dian call'd : but they who lead
 Their navies, more than ruin'd hopes shall mourn."

CANTO XIV.

" **S**AY who is he around our mountain winds,
Or ever death has prun'd his wing for flight,
That opes his eyes and covers them at will?"

" I know not who he is, but know thus much:
He comes not singly. Do thou ask of him, 5
For thou art nearer to him, and take heed
Accost him gently, so that he may speak."

Thus on the right two spirits bending each
Toward the other, talk'd of me, then both
Addressing me, their faces backward lean'd, 10
And thus the one began: " O soul, who yet
Pent in the body, tendest towards the sky!
For charity, we pray thee, comfort us,
Recounting whence thou com'st, and who thou art:
For thou dost make us at the favour shown thee 15
Marvel, as at a thing that ne'er hath been."

" There stretches through the midst of Tuscany,"
I straight began: " a brooklet, whose well-head
Springs up in Falterona, with his race 20
Not satisfied, when he some hundred miles
Hath measur'd. From his banks bring I this frame.
To tell you who I am were words misspent:
For yet my name scarce sounds on rumour's lip."

" If well I do incorp'rate with my thought
The meaning of thy speech," said he, who first 25
Address me, " thou dost speak of Arno's wave."

To whom the other: " Why hath he conceal'd
The title of that river, as a man
Doth of some horrible thing?" The spirit, who
Thereof was question'd, did acquit him thus: 30

" I know not: but 'tis fitting well the name
 Should perish of that vale; for from the source,
 Where teems so plenteously the Alpine steep
 Maim'd of Pelorus, (that doth scarcely pass
 Beyond that limit,) even to the point 35
 Where unto ocean is restor'd, what heaven
 Drains from th' exhaustless store for all earth's
 streams,
 Throughout the space is virtue worried down,
 As 'twere a snake, by all, for mortal foe,
 Or through disastrous influence on the place, 40
 Or else distortion of misguided wills,
 That custom goads to evil: whence in those,
 The dwellers in that miserable vale,
 Nature is so transform'd, it seems as they
 Had shar'd of Circe's feeding. 'Midst brute swine,
 Worthier of acorns than of other food 45
 Created for man's use, he shapeth first
 His obscure way; then, sloping onward, finds
 Curs, snarlers more in spite than power, from whom
 He turns with scorn aside: still journeying down,
 By how much more the curst and luckless foss 51
 Swells out to largeness, e'en so much it finds
 Dogs turning into wolves. Descending still
 Through yet more hollow eddies, next he meets
 A race of foxes, so replete with craft, 55
 They do not fear that skill can master it.
 Nor will I cease because my words are heard
 By other ears than thine. It shall be well
 For this man, if he keep in memory
 What from no erring spirit I reveal. 60
 Lo! I behold thy grandson, that becomes
 A hunter of those wolves, upon the shore
 Of the fierce stream, and cows them all with dread:
 Their flesh yet living sets he up to sale,
 Then like an aged beast to slaughter dooms. 65

Many of life he reaves, himself of worth
 And goodly estimation. Smear'd with gore
 Mark how he issues from the rueful wood,
 Leaving such havoc, that in thousand years
 It spreads not to prime lustihood again." 70

As one, who tidings hears of woe to come,
 Changes his looks perturb'd, from whate'er part
 The peril grasp him, so beheld I change
 That spirit, who had turn'd to listen, struck
 With sadness, soon as he had caught the word. 75

His visage and the other's speech did raise
 Desire in me to know the names of both,
 Whereof with meek entreaty I inquir'd.

The shade, who late address me, thus resum'd:
 "Thy wish imports, that I vouchsafe to do 80
 For thy sake what thou wilt not do for mine.

But since God's will is that so largely shine
 His grace in thee, I will be liberal too.
 Guido of Duca know then that I am.

Envy so parch'd my blood, that had I seen 85
 A fellow man made joyous, thou hadst mark'd
 A livid paleness overspread my cheek.
 Such harvest reap I of the seed I sow'd.

O man, why place thy heart where there doth need
 Exclusion of participants in good? 90

This is Rinieri's spirit, this the boast
 And honour of the house of Calboli,
 Where of his worth no heritage remains.

Nor his the only blood, that hath been stript,
 (Twixt Po, the mount, the Reno and the shore,) 95
 Of all that truth or fancy asks for bliss;

But in those limits such a growth has sprung
 Of rank and venom'd roots, as long would mock
 Slow culture's toil. Where is good Lizio? where
 Manardi, Traversaro, and Carpigna? 100

O bastard slips of old Romagna's line!

When in Bologna the low artisan,
 And in Faenza yon Bernardin sprouts,
 A gentle cyon from ignoble stem.
 Wonder not, Tuscan, if thou see me weep, 105
 When I recal to mind those once lov'd names,
 Guido of Prata, and of Asso him
 That dwelt with you; Tignoso and his troop,
 With Traversaro's house and Anastagio's,
 (Each race disherited) and beside these, 110
 The ladies and the knights, the toils and ease,
 That witch'd us into love and courtesy;
 Where now such malice reigns in recreant hearts.
 Q Brettinoro! wherefore tarriest still,
 Since forth of thee thy family hath gone, 115
 And many, hating evil join'd their steps?
 Well doeth he, that bids his lineage cease,
 Bagnacavallo; Castracaro ill,
 And Conio worse, who care to propagate
 A race of Counties from such blood as theirs. 120
 Well shall ye also do, Pagani, then
 When from amongst you hies your demon child,
 Not so howe'er, that henceforth there remain
 True proof of what ye were. O Hugolin!
 Thou sprung of Fantolini's line! thy name 125
 Is safe, since none is look'd for after thee
 To cloud its lustre, warping from thy stock.
 But, Tuscan, go thy ways; for now I take
 Far more delight in weeping than in words.
 Such pity for your sakes hath wrung my heart." 130
 We knew those gentle spirits at parting heard
 Our steps. Their silence therefore of our way
 Assur'd us. Soon as we had quitted them,
 Advancing onward, lo! a voice that seem'd
 Like vollied light'ning, when it rives the air, 135
 Met us, and shouted, "Whosoever finds
 Will slay me," then fled from us, as the bolt

Lanc'd sudden from a downward-rushing cloud.
 When it had giv'n short truce unto our hearing,
 Behold the other with a crash as loud 140
 As the quick-following thunder: "Mark in me
 Aglauros turn'd to rock." I at the sound
 Retreating drew more closely to my guide.

Now in mute stilness rested all the air :
 And thus he spake : " There was the galling bit.
 But your old enemy so baits his hook, 146
 He drags you eager to him. Hence nor curb
 Avails you, nor reclaiming call. Heav'n calls,
 And round about you wheeling courts your gaze
 With everlasting beauties. Yet your eye 150
 Turns with fond doting still upon the earth.
 Therefore He smites you who discerneth all."

CANTO XV.

As much as 'twixt the third hour's close and dawn,
 Appareth of heav'n's sphere, that ever whirls
 As restless as an infant in his play,
 So much appear'd remaining to the sun
 Of his slope journey towards the western goal. 5

Evening was there, and here the noon of night ;
 And full upon our forehead smote the beams.
 For round the mountain, circling, so our path
 Had led us, that toward the sun-set now
 Direct we journey'd ; when I felt a weight 10
 Of more exceeding splendour, than before,
 Press on my front. The cause unknown, amaze
 Possess'd me, and both hands against my brows
 Lifting, I interpos'd them, as a screen,
 That of its gorgeous superflux of light 15
 Clipp'd the diminish'd orb. As when the ray,
 Striking on water or the surface clear

Of mirror, leaps unto the opposite part,
 Ascending at a glance, e'en as it fell,
 (And so much differs from the stone, that falls 20
 Through equal space, as practis'd skill hath shown ;)
 Thus with refracted light before me seem'd
 The ground there smitten ; whence in sudden haste
 My sight recoil'd. " What is this, sire belov'd !
 'Gainst which I strive to shield the sight in vain ?"
 Cried I, " and which toward us moving seems ?" 25

" Marvel not, if the family of heav'n,"
 He answer'd, " yet with dazzling radiance dim
 Thy sense. It is a messenger who comes,

Inviting man's ascent. Such sights ere long, 30
 Not grievous, shall impart to thee delight,
 As thy perception is by nature wrought
 Up to their pitch." The blessed angel, soon
 As we had reach'd him, hail'd us with glad voice :
 " Here enter on a ladder far less steep 35

Than ye have yet encounter'd." We forthwith
 Ascending, heard behind us chanted sweet,
 " Blessed the merciful," and " Happy thou !
 That conquer'st." Lonely each, my guide and I
 Pursued our upward way ; and as we went, 40
 Some profit from his words I hop'd to win,
 And thus of him inquiring, fram'd my speech :
 " What meant Romagna's spirit, when he spake
 Of bliss exclusive with no partner shar'd ?"

He straight replied : " No wonder, since he knows,
 What sorrow waits on his own worst defect, 45
 If he chide others, that they less may mourn.

Because ye point your wishes at a mark,
 Where, by communion of possessors, part
 Is lessen'd, envy bloweth up the sighs of men. 50
 No fear of that might touch ye, if the love
 Of higher sphere exalted your desire.

For there, by how much more they call it *our's*,
 So much propriety of each in good
 Encreases more, and heighten'd charity 55
 Wraps that fair cloister in a brighter flame."

" Now lack I satisfaction more," said I,
 " Than if thou hadst been silent at the first,
 And doubt more gathers on my lab'ring thought.
 How can it chance, that good distributed, 60

The many, that possess it, makes more rich,
 Than if 't were shar'd by few ?" He answering thus:
 " Thy mind, reverting still to things of earth,
 Strikes darkness from true light. The highest good

Unlimited, ineffable, doth so speed 66
 To love, as beam to lucid body darts,
 Giving as much of ardour as it finds.
 The sempiternal effluence streams abroad
 Spreading, wherever charity extends.
 So that the more aspirants to that bliss 70
 Are multiplied, more good is there to love,
 And more is lov'd; as mirrors, that reflect,
 Each unto other, propagated light.
 If these my words avail not to allay
 Thy thirsting, Beatrice thou shalt see, 75
 Who of this want, and of all else thou hast,
 Shall rid thee to the full. Provide but thou,
 That from thy temples may be soon eras'd,
 E'en as the two already, those five scars,
 That when they pain thee worst, then kindest
 heal." 80
 "Thou," I had said, "content'st me," when I saw
 The other round was gain'd, and wond'ring eyes
 Did keep me mute. There suddenly I seem'd
 By an extatic vision wrapt away;
 And in a temple saw, methought, a crowd 85
 Of many persons; and at th' entrance stood
 A dame, whose sweet demeanour did express
 A mother's love, who said, "Child! why hast thou
 Dealt with us thus? Behold thy sire and I
 Sorrowing have sought thee;" and so held her
 peace, 90
 And straight the vision fled. A female next
 Appear'd before me, down whose visage cours'd
 Those waters, that grief forces out from one
 By deep resentment stung, who seem'd to say:
 "If thou, Pisistratus, be lord indeed 95
 Over this city, nam'd with such debate
 Of adverse gods, and whence each science sparkles,

And unto others show it : for in heaven
 One places it, and one on earth below."

Then heaving forth a deep and audible sigh, 65
 " Brother!" he thus began, " the world is blind;
 And thou in truth com'st from it. Ye, who live,
 Do so each cause refer to heav'n above,
 E'en as it's motion of necessity
 Drew with it all that moves. If this were so, 70
 Free choice in you were none; nor justice would
 There should be joy for virtue, woe for ill.
 Your movements have their primal bent from
 heaven;

Not all; yet said I all; what then ensues?
 Light have ye still to follow evil or good, 75
 And of the will free power, which, if it stand
 Firm and unwearied in Heav'n's first assay,
 Conquers at last, so it be cherish'd well,
 Triumphant over all. To mightier force,
 To better nature subject, ye abide 80
 Free, not constrain'd by that, which forms in you
 The reasoning mind uninfluenc'd of the stars.
 If then the present race of mankind err,
 Seek in yourselves the cause, and find it there.
 Herein thou shalt confess me no false spy. 85
 " Forth from his plastic hand, who charm'd be-
 holds

Her image ere she yet exist, the soul
 Comes like a babe, that wantons sportively
 Weeping and laughing in it's wayward moods,
 As artless and as ignorant of aught, 90
 Save that her Maker being one who dwells
 With gladness ever, willingly she turns
 To whate'er yields her joy. Of some slight good
 The flavour soon she tastes; and, snar'd by that,
 With fondness she pursues it, if no guide 95
 Recal, no rein direct her wand'ring course.

Hence it behov'd, the law should be a curb;
 A sovereign hence behov'd, whose piercing view
 Might mark at least the fortress and main tower
 Of the true city. Laws indeed there are: 100
 But who is he observes them? None; not he,
 Who goes before, the shepherd of the flock,
 Who chews the cud but doth not cleave the hoof.
 Therefore the multitude, who see their guide
 Strike at the very good they covet most. 105
 Feed there and look no further. Thus the cause
 Is not corrupted nature in yourselves,
 But ill-conducting, that hath turn'd the world
 To evil. Rome, that turn'd it unto good,
 Was wont to boast two suns, whose several beams
 Cast light on either way, the world's and God's. 111
 One since hath quench'd the other; and the sword
 Is grafted on the crook; and so conjoin'd
 Each must perforce decline to worse, undaw'd
 By fear of other. If thou doubt me, mark 115
 The blade: each herb is judg'd of by its seed.
 That land, through which Adice and the Po
 Their waters roll, was once the residence
 Of courtesy and valour, ere the day,
 That frown'd on Frederick; now secure may pass
 Those limits, whosoe'er hath left, for shame, 121
 To talk with good men, or come near their haunts.
 Three aged ones are still found there, in whom
 The old time chides the new: these deem it long
 Ere God restore them to a better world: 125
 The good Gherardo, of Palazzo he
 Conrad, and Guido of Castello, nam'd
 In Gallic phrase more fitly the plain Lombard.
 On this at last conclude. The church of Rome,
 Mixing two governments that ill assort, 130
 Hath miss'd her footing, fall'n into the mire,
 And there herself and burden much defil'd."

"Avenge thee of those arms, whose bold embrace
 Hath clasp'd our daughter;" and to her, mescem'd,
 Benign and meek, with visage undisturb'd, 100
 Her sovran spake: "How shall we those requite,
 Who wish us evil, if we thus condemn
 The man that loves us?" After that I saw
 A multitude, in fury burning, slay
 With stones a stripling youth, and shout amain 105
 "Destroy, destroy:" and him I saw, who bow'd
 Heavy with death unto the ground, yet made
 His eyes, unfolded upward, gates to heav'n,
 Praying forgiveness of th' Almighty Sire,
 Amidst that cruel conflict, on his foes, 110
 With looks, that win compassion to their aim.

Soon as my spirit, from her airy flight
 Returning, sought again the things, whose truth
 Depends not on her shaping, I observ'd
 How she had rov'd to no unreal scenes. 115

Meanwhile the leader, who might see I mov'd,
 As one, who struggles to shake off his sleep,
 Exclaim'd: "What ails thee, that thou canst not
 hold

Thy footing firm, but more than half a league
 Hast travel'd with clos'd eyes and tott'ring gait, 120
 Like to a man by wine or sleep o'ercharg'd?"

"Beloved father! so thou deign," said I,
 "To listen, I will tell thee what appear'd
 Before me, when so fail'd my sinking steps." 125

He thus: "Not if thy countenance were mask'd
 With hundred vizards, could a thought of thine,
 How small soe'er, elude me. What thou saw'st
 Was shown, that freely thou mightst ope thy heart
 To the waters of peace, that flow diffus'd
 From their eternal fountain. I not ask'd, 130
 What ails thee? for such cause as he doth, who

Looks only with that eye, which sees no more,
 When spiritless the body lies; but ask'd,
 To give fresh vigour to thy foot. Such goads
 The slow and loit'ring need; that they be found 135
 Not wanting, when their hour of watch returns."

So on we journey'd, through the evening sky
 Gazing intent, far onward, as our eyes
 With level view could stretch against the bright
 Vespertine ray: and lo! by slow degrees 140
 Gath'ring, a fog made tow'rd's us, dark as night.
 There was no room for 'scaping; and that mist
 Bereft us, both of sight and the pure air.

CANTO XVI.

HELL's dunnest gloom, or night unlustrous, dark,
 Of every planet 'rest, and pall'd in clouds,
 Did never spread before the sight a veil
 In thickness like that fog, nor to the sense
 So palpable and gross. Ent'ring its shade, 5
 Mine eye endur'd not with unclosed lids;
 Which marking, near me drew the faithful guide,
 Offering me his shoulder for a stay.

As the blind man behind his leader walks,
 Lest he should err, or stumble unawares 10
 On what might harm him, or perhaps destroy,
 I journey'd through that bitter air and foul,
 Still list'ning to my escort's warning voice.
 "Look that from me thou part not." Straight I heard
 Voices, and each one seem'd to pray for peace, 15
 And for compassion, to the Lamb of God
 That taketh sins away, Their prelude still
 Was "Agnus Dei," and through all the choir,
 One voice, one measure ran, that perfect seem'd
 The concord of their song. "Are these I hear 20
 Spirits, O master?" I exclaim'd; and he:
 "Thou aim'st aright: these loose the bonds of
 wrath."

"Now who art thou, that through our smoke
 dost cleave?
 And speak'st of us, as thou thyself e'en yet
 Dividedst time by calends?" So one voice 25
 Bespake me; whence my master said: "Reply;
 And ask, if upward hence the passage lead."
 "O being! who dost make thee pure, to stand

Beautiful once more in thy Maker's sight!
 Along with me: and thou shalt hear and wonder."
 Thus I, whereto the spirit answering spake : 31
 " Long as 't is lawful for me, shall my steps
 Follow on thine ; and since the cloudy smoke
 Forbids the seeing, hearing in its stead
 Shall keep us join'd." I then forthwith began : 35
 " Yet in my mortal swathing, I ascend
 To higher regions, and am hither come
 Thorough the fearful agony of hell.
 And, if so largely God hath dol'd his grace,
 That, clean beside all modern precedent, 40
 He wills me to behold his kingly state,
 From me conceal not who thou wast, ere death
 Had lbo's'd thee; but instruct me: and instruct
 If rightly to the pass I tend ; thy words
 The way directing as a safe escort." 45
 " I was of Lombardy, and Marco call'd :
 Not inexperienc'd of the world, that worth
 I still affected, from which all have turn'd
 The nerveless bow aside. Thy course tends right
 Unto the summit:" and, replying thus, 50
 He added, " I beseech thee pray for me,
 When thou shalt come aloft." And I to him :
 " Accept my faith for pledge I will perform
 What thou requirest. Yet one doubt remains,
 That wrings me sorely, if I solve it not. 55
 Singly before it urg'd me, doubled now
 By thine opinion, when I couple that
 With one elsewhere declar'd, each strength'ning
 other.
 The world indeed is even so forlorn
 Of all good, as thou speak'st it, and so swarms 60
 With every evil. Yet, beseech thee, point
 The cause out to me, that myself may see,

And unto others show it : for in heaven
One places it, and one on earth below."

Then heaving forth a deep and audible sigh, 65
" Brother!" he thus began, " the world is blind ;
And thou in truth com'st from it. Ye, who live,
Do so each cause refer to heav'n above,
E'en as it's motion of necessity
Drew with it all that moves. If this were so, 70
Free choice in you were none ; nor justice would
There should be joy for virtue, woe for ill.
Your movements have their primal bent from
heaven ;

Not all ; yet said I all ; what then ensues?
Light have ye still to follow evil or good, 75
And of the will free power, which, if it stand
Firm and unwearied in Heav'n's first assay,
Conquers at last, so it be cherish'd well,
Triumphant over all. To mightier force,
To better nature subject, ye abide 80
Free, not constrain'd by that, which forms in you
The reasoning mind uninfluenc'd of the stars.
If then the present race of mankind err,
Seek in yourselves the cause, and find it there.
Herein thou shalt confess me no false spy. 85

" Forth from his plastic hand, who charm'd be-
holds

Her image ere she yet exist, the soul
Comes like a babe, that wantons sportively
Weeping and laughing in it's wayward moods,
As artless and as ignorant of aught, 90
Save that her Maker being one who dwells
With gladness ever, willingly she turns
To whate'er yields her joy. Of some slight good
The flavour soon she tastes ; and, snar'd by that,
With fondness she pursues it, if no guide 95
Recal, no rein direct her wand'ring course.

Hence it behov'd, the law should be a curb;
 A sovereign hence behov'd, whose piercing view
 Might mark at least the fortress and main tower
 Of the true city. Laws indeed there are: 100
 But who is he observes them? None; not he,
 Who goes before, the shepherd of the flock,
 Who chews the cud but doth not cleave the hoof.
 Therefore the multitude, who see their guide
 Strike at the very good they covet most, 105
 Feed there and look no further. Thus the cause
 Is not corrupted nature in yourselves,
 But ill-conducting, that hath turn'd the world
 To evil. Rome, that turn'd it unto good,
 Was wont to boast two suns, whose several beams
 Cast light on either way, the world's and God's. 111
 One since hath quench'd the other; and the sword
 Is grafted on the crook; and so conjoin'd
 Each must perforce decline to worse, unaw'd
 By fear of other. If thou doubt me, mark 115
 The blade: each herb is judg'd of by its seed.
 That land, through which Adice and the Po
 Their waters roll, was once the residence
 Of courtesy and valour, ere the day,
 That frown'd on Frederick; now secure may pass
 Those limits, whosoe'er hath left, for shame, 121
 To talk with good men, or come near their haunts.
 Three aged ones are still found there, in whom
 The old time chides the new: these deem it long
 Ere God restore them to a better world: 125
 The good Gherardo, of Palazzo he
 Conrad, and Guido of Castello, nam'd
 In Gallic phrase more fitly the plain Lombard.
 On this at last conclude. The church of Rome,
 Mixing two governments that ill assort, 130
 Hath miss'd her footing, fall'n into the mire,
 And there herself and burden much defil'd."

"O Marco!" I replied, thine arguments
 Convince me: and the cause I now discern
 Why of the heritage no portion came 135
 To Levi's offspring. But resolve me this:
 Who that Gherardo is, that as thou sayst
 Is left a sample of the perish'd race,
 And for rebuke to this untoward age?" 139

"Either thy words," said he, "deceive; or else
 Are meant to try me; that thou, speaking Tuscan,
 Appear'st not to have heard of good Gherardo;
 The sole addition that, by which I know him;
 Unless I borrow'd from his daughter Gaïa
 Another name to grace him. God be with you, 145
 I bear you company no more. Behold
 The dawn with white ray glimm'ring through the
 mist.

I must away—the angel comes—ere he
 Appear." He said, and would not hear me more.

CANTO XVII.

CALL to remembrance, reader, if thou e'er
 Hast, on a mountain top, been ta'en by cloud,
 Through which thou saw'st no better, than the
 mole

Doth through opacous membrane; then, whene'er
 The watry vapours dense began to melt 5
 Into thin air, how faintly the sun's sphere
 Seem'd wading through them; so thy nimble
 thought

May image, how at first I rebeld
 The sun, that bedward now his couch o'erhung.

Thus with my leader's feet still equaling pace 10
 From forth that cloud I came, when now expir'd
 The parting beams from off the nether shores.

O quick and forgetive power! that sometimes
 dost

So rob us of ourselves, we take no mark
 Though round about us thousand trumpets clang!
 What moves thee, if the senses stir not? Light 16
 Kindled in heav'n, spontaneous, self-inform'd,
 Or likelier gliding down with swift illapse
 By will divine, Portray'd before me came
 The traces of her dire impiety, 20

Whose form was chang'd into the bird, that most
 Delights itself in song: and here my mind
 Was inwardly so wrapt, it gave no place
 To aught that ask'd admittance from without.

Next shower'd into my fantasy a shape 25
 As of one crucified, whose visage spake

Fell rancour, malice deep, wherein he died;
 And round him Ahasuerus the great king,
 Esther his bride, and Mordecai the just,
 Blameless in word and deed. As of itself 30
 That unsubstantial coinage of the brain
 Burst, like a bubble, when the water fails
 That fed it; in my vision straight uprose
 A damsel weeping loud, and cried, "O queen!
 O mother! wherefore has intemperate ire 35
 Driv'n thee to loath thy being? Not to lose
 Lavinia, desp'rate thou hast slain thyself.
 Now hast thou lost me. I am she, whose tears
 Mourn, ere I fall, a mother's timeless end."
 E'en as a sleep breaks off, if suddenly 40
 New radiance strike upon the closed lids,
 The broken slumber quivering ere it dies;
 Thus from before me sunk that imagery
 Vanishing, soon as on my face there struck
 The light, outshining far our earthly beam. 45
 As round I turn'd me to survey what place
 I had arriv'd at, "Here ye mount," exclaim'd
 A voice, that other purpose left me none,
 Save will so eager to behold who spake,
 I could not choose but gaze. As 'fore the sun, 50
 That weighs our vision down, and veils his form
 In light transcendent, thus my virtue fail'd
 Unequal. "This is Spirit from above,
 Who marshals us our upward way, unsought;
 And in his own light shrouds him. As a man 55
 Doth for himself, so now is done for us.
 For whoso waits imploring, yet sees need
 Of his prompt aidance, sets himself prepar'd
 For blunt denial, ere the suit be made.
 Refuse we not to lend a ready foot 60
 At such inviting: haste we to ascend,

Before it darken: for we may not then,
 Till morn again return." So spake my guide;
 And to one ladder both address'd our steps;
 And the first stair approaching, I perceiv'd 65
 Near me as 't were the waving of a wing,
 That fann'd my face, and whisper'd: "Blessed
 they

The peace-makers: they know not evil wrath."

Now to such height above our heads were rais'd
 The last beams follow'd close by hooded night, 70
 That many a star on all sides through the gloom
 Shone out. "Why partest from me, O my strength?"
 So with myself I commun'd; for I felt
 My o'ertol'd sinews slacken. We had reach'd
 The summit, and were fix'd like to a bark 75
 Arriv'd at land. And waiting a short space,
 If aught should meet mine ear in that new round,
 Then to my guide I turn'd, and said: "Lov'd sire!
 Declare what guilt is on this circle purg'd.
 If our feet rest, no need thy speech should pause."

He thus to me: "The love of good, whate'er 81
 Wanted of just proportion, here fulfils."
 Here plies afresh the oar, that loiter'd ill.
 But that thou mayst yet clearer understand,
 Give ear unto my words, and thou shalt cull 85
 Some fruit may please thee well, from this delay.

"Creator, nor created being, ne'er
 My son," he thus began, "was without love,
 Or natural, or the free spirit's growth.
 Thou hast not that to learn. The natural still 90
 Is without error; but the other swerves,
 If on ill object bent, or through excess
 Of vigour, or defect. While e'er it seeks
 The primal blessings, or with measure due
 Th' inferior, no delight, that flows from it, 95

Partakes of ill. But let it warp to evil,
 Or with more ardour than behoves, or less,
 Pursue the good, the thing created then
 Works 'gainst its Maker. Hence thou must infer,
 That love is germin of each virtue in ye, 100
 And of each act no less, that merits pain.
 Now since it may not be, but love intend
 The welfare mainly of the thing it loves,
 All from self-hatred are secure; and since
 No being can be thought t' exist apart 105
 And independent of the first, a bar
 Of equal force restrains from hating that.

" Grant the distinction just; and it remains
 The' evil must be another's, which is lov'd.
 Three ways such love is gender'd in your clay. 110
 There is who hopes (his neighbour's worth deprest,)
 Preeminence himself, and covets hence
 For his own greatness that another fall.
 There is who so much fears the loss of power,
 Fame, favour, glory, (should his fellow mount 115
 Above him,) and so sickens at the thought,
 He loves their opposite: and there is he,
 Whom wrong or insult seems to gall and shame,
 That he doth thirst for vengeance, and such needs
 Must doat on other's evil. Here beneath 120
 This threefold love is mourn'd, Of th' other sort
 Be now instructed, that which follows good
 But with disorder'd and irregular course.

" All indistinctly apprehend a bliss
 On which the soul may rest, the hearts of all 125
 Yearn after it, and to that wished bourn
 All therefore strive to tend. If ye behold
 Or seek it with a love remiss and lax,
 This cornice after just repenting lays
 Its penal torment on ye. Other good 130

There is, where man finds not his happiness:
 It is not true fruition, not that blest
 Essence, of every good the branch and root.
 The love too lavishly bestow'd on this,
 Along three circles over us, is mourn'd. 123
 Account of that division tripartite
 Expect not, fitter for thine own research."

CANTO XVIII.

THE teacher ended, and his high discourse
 Concluding, earnest in my looks inquir'd
 If I appear'd content; and I, whom still
 Unsated thirst to hear him urg'd, was mute,
 Mute outwardly, yet inwardly I said:
 "Perchance my too much questioning offends."
 But he, true father, mark'd the secret wish
 By diffidence restrain'd, and speaking gave
 Me boldness thus to speak: "Master, my sight
 Gathers so lively virtue from thy beams,
 That all, thy words convey, distinct is seen.
 Wherefore I pray thee, father, whom this heart
 Holds dearest! thou wouldst deign by proof t' unfold
 That love, from which as from their source thou
 bring'st
 All good deeds and their opposite." He then: 15
 "To what I now disclose be thy clear ken
 Directed, and thou plainly shalt behold
 How much those blind have err'd, who make them-
 selves
 The guides of men. The soul, created apt
 To love, moves versatile which way soe'er 20
 Aught pleasing prompts her, soon as she is wak'd
 By pleasure into act. Of substance true
 Your apprehension forms its counterfeit,
 And in you the ideal shape presenting
 Attracts the soul's regard. If she, thus drawn, 25
 Incline toward it, love is that inclining,
 And a new nature knit by pleasure in ye.

Then as the fire points up, and mounting seeks
 His birth-place and his lasting seat, e'en thus
 Enters the captive soul into desire, 30
 Which is a spiritual motion, that ne'er rests
 Before enjoyment of the thing it loves.
 Enough to show thee, how the truth from those
 Is hidden, who aver all love a thing
 Praise-worthy in itself: although perhaps 35
 It's substance seem still good. Yet if the wax
 Be good, it follows not th' impression must."

"What love is," I return'd, "thy words, O guide!
 And my own docile mind, reveal. Yet thence
 New doubts have sprung. For from without if love
 Be offer'd to us, and the spirit knows 41
 No other footing, tend she right or wrong,
 Is no desert of her's." He answering thus:
 "What reason here discovers I have power
 To show thee: that which lies beyond, expect 45
 From Beatrice, faith not reason's task.
 Spirit, substantial form, with matter join'd
 Not in confusion mix'd, hath in itself
 Specific virtue of that union born,
 Which is not felt except it work, nor prov'd 50
 But through effect, as vegetable life
 By the green leaf. From whence his intellect
 Deduced it's primal notices of things,
 Man therefore knows not, or his appetites
 Their first affections; such in you, as zeal 55
 In bees to gather honey; at the first,
 Volition, meriting nor blame nor praise.
 But o'er each lower faculty supreme,
 That as she list are summon'd to her bar,
 Ye have that virtue in you, whose just voice 60
 Uttereth counsel, and whose word should keep
 The threshold of assent. Here is the source,
 Whence cause of merit in you is deriv'd,

E'en as th' affections good or ill she takes,
 Or severs, winnow'd as the chaff. Those men, 65
 Who reas'ning went to depth profoundest, mark'd
 That innate freedom, and were thence induc'd
 To leave their moral teaching to the world.
 Grant then, that from necessity arise
 All love that glows within you; to dismiss 70
 Or harbour it, the pow'r is in yourselves.
 Remember, Beatrice, in her style,
 Denominates free choice by eminence
 The noble virtue, if in talk with thee
 She touch upon that theme." The moon, well nigh
 To midnight hour belated, made the stars 76
 Appear to wink and fade; and her broad disk
 Seem'd like a crag on fire, as up the vault
 That course she journey'd, which the sun then
 warms,
 When they of Rome behold him at his set 80
 Betwixt Sardinia and the Corsic isle.
 And now the weight, that hung upon my thought,
 Was lighten'd by the aid of that clear spirit,
 Who raiseth Andes above Mantua's name.
 I therefore, when my questions had obtain'd 85
 Solution plain and ample, stood as one
 Musing in dreamy slumber; but not long
 Slumber'd; for suddenly a multitude,
 The steep already turning from behind,
 Rush'd on. With fury and like random rout, 90
 As echoing on their shores at midnight heard
 Ismenus and Asopus, for his Thebes
 If Bacchus' help were needed; so came these
 Tumultuous, curving each his rapid step,
 By eagerness impell'd of holy love. 95
 Soon they o'ertook us; with such swiftness mov'd
 The mighty crowd. Two spirits at their head
 Cried weeping: "Blessed Mary sought with haste

The hilly region. Caesar, to subdue
 Hérda, darted in Marseilles his sting, 100
 And flew to Spain."—"Oh tarry not: away;"
 The others shouted; "let not time be lost
 Through slackness of affection. Hearty zeal
 To serve reanimates celestial grace."

"O ye, in whom intenser fervency 105
 Haply supplies, where lukewarm erst ye fail'd,
 Slow or neglectful, to absolve your part
 Of good and virtuous, this man, who yet lives,
 (Credit my tale, though strange) desires t' ascend,
 So morning rise to light us. Therefore say 110
 Which hand leads nearest to the rifted rock?"

So spake my guide, to whom a shade return'd:
 "Come after us, and thou shalt find the cleft.
 We may not linger: such resistless will
 Speeds our unwearied course. Vouchsafe us then
 Thy pardon, if our duty seem to thee 115
 Discourteous rudeness. In Verona I
 Was abbot of San Zeno, when the hand
 Of Barbarossa grasp'd Imperial away,
 That name, ne'er utter'd without tears in Milan.
 And there is he, hath one foot in his grave, 121
 Who for that monastery' ere long shall weep,
 Ruining his power misus'd: for that his son,
 Of body ill compact, and worse in mind,
 And born in evil, he hath set in place 125
 Of it's true pastor." Whether more he spake,
 Or here was mute, I know not: he had sped
 F'eu now so far beyond us. Yet thus much
 I heard, and in rememb'rance treasur'd it.

He then, who never fail'd me at my need, 130
 Cried, "Hither turn. Lo! two with sharp remorse
 Chiding their sin!" In rear of all the troop
 These shouted: "First they died, to whom the sea

Open'd, or ever Jordan saw his heirs :
 And they, who with Æneas to the end 135
 Endur'd not suffering, for their portion chose
 Life without glory." Soon as they had fled
 Past reach of sight, new thought within me rose
 By others follow'd fast, and each unlike
 Its fellow : till led on from thought to thought, 140
 And pleasur'd with the fleeting train, mine eye
 Was clos'd, and meditation chang'd to dream,

CANTO XIX.

IT was the hour, when of diurnal heat
 No reliques chafe the cold beams of the moon,
 O'erpower'd by earth, or planetary sway
 Of Saturn; and the geomancer sees
 His Greater Fortune up the east ascend, 5
 Where grey dawn checkers first the shadowy cone;
 When 'fore me in my dream a woman's shape
 There came, with lips that stammer'd, eyes aslant,
 Distorted feet, hands maim'd, and colour pale.

I look'd upon her; and as sunshine cheers 10
 Limbs numb'd by nightly cold, e'en thus my look
 Unloos'd her tongue, next in brief space her form
 Decrepit rais'd erect, and faded face
 With love's own hue illum'd. Recov'ring speech
 She forthwith warbling such a strain began, 15
 That I, how loth soe'er, could scarce have held
 Attention from the song. "I," thus she sang,
 "I am the Syren, she, whom mariners
 On the wide sea are wilder'd when they hear:
 Such fulness of delight the list'ner feels. 20
 I from his course Ulysses by my lay
 Enchanted drew. Whoe'er frequents me once
 Parts seldom; so I charm him, and his heart
 Contented knows no void." Or ere her mouth
 Was clos'd, to shame her at her side appear'd 25
 A dame of semblance holy. With stern voice
 She utter'd: "Say, O Virgil, who is this?"
 Which hearing, he approach'd, with eyes still bent
 Toward that goodly presence: th' other seiz'd her,
 And, her robes tearing, open'd her before, 30

And show'd the belly to me, whence a smell,
 Exhaling loathsome, wak'd me. Round I turn'd
 Mine eyes; and thus the teacher: "At the least
 Three times my voice hath call'd thee. Rise, be-
 gone.

Let us the opening find where thou mayst pass." 35
 I straightway rose. Now day, pour'd down from
 high,

Fill'd all the circuits of the sacred mount;
 And, as we journey'd, on our shoulder smote
 The early ray. I follow'd, stooping low
 My forehead, as a man, o'ercharg'd with thought, 40
 Who bends him to the likeness of an arch,
 That midway spans the flood; when thus I heard,
 "Come, enter here," in tone so soft and mild,
 As never met the ear on mortal strand.

With swan-like wings dispreed and pointing up,
 Who thus had spoken marshal'd us along, 45
 Where each side of the solid masonry
 The sloping walls retir'd; then mov'd his plumes,
 And fanning us, affirm'd that those, who mourn,
 Are blessed, for that comfort shall be their's. 50
 "What aileth thee, that still thou look'st to
 earth?"

Began my leader; while th' angelic shape
 A little over us his station took.

"New vision," I replied, "hath rais'd in me
 Surmisings strange and anxious doubts, whereon 55
 My soul intent allows no other thought
 Or room or entrance."—"Hast thou seen," said he,
 "That old enchantress, her, whose wiles alone
 The spirits o'er us weep for? Hast thou seen
 How man may free him of her bonds? Enough. 60
 Let thy heels spurn the earth, and thy rais'd ken
 Fix on the lure, which heav'n's eternal King
 Whirls in the rolling spheres." As on his feet

The falcon first looks down, then to the sky
 Turns, and forth stretches eager for the food, 65
 That wooes him thither; so the call I heard,
 So onward, far as the dividing rock
 Gave way, I journey'd, till the plain was reach'd.

On the fifth circle when I stood at large,
 A race appear'd before me, on the ground 70
 All downward lying prone and weeping sore.
 "My soul hath cleaved to the dust," I heard
 With sighs so deep, they well nigh choak'd the
 words.

"O ye elect of God, whose penal woes
 Both hope and justice mitigate, direct 75
 Tow'rd's the steep rising our uncertain way."

"If ye approach secure from this our doom,
 Prostration—and would urge your course with
 speed,

See that ye still to rightward keep the brink."
 So them the bard besought; and such the words,
 Beyond us some short space, in answer came. 81

I noted what remain'd yet hidden from them:
 Thence to my liege's eyes mine eyes I bent,
 And he, forthwith interpreting their suit,
 Beckon'd his glad assent. Free then to act, 85
 As pleas'd me, I drew near, and took my stand
 Over that shade, whose words I late had mark'd.
 And, "Spirit!" I said, "in whom repentant tears
 Mature that blessed hour, when thou with God
 Shalt find acceptance, for a while suspend 90
 For me that mightier care. Say who thou wast,

Why thus ye grovel on your bellies prone,
 And if in aught ye wish my service there,
 Whence living I am come." He answering spake:
 "The cause why Heav'n our back toward his cope
 Reverses, shalt thou know: but me know first 95
 The successor of Peter, and the name

And title of my lineage from that stream,
 That 'twixt Chiaveri and Siestri draws
 His limpid waters through the lowly glen. 100
 A month and little more by proof I learnt,
 With what a weight that robe of sov'reignty
 Upon his shoulder rests, who from the mire
 Would guard it: that each other fardel seems
 But feathers in the balance. Late, alas! 105
 Was my conversion: but when I became
 Rome's pastor, I discern'd at once the dream
 And cozenage of life, saw that the heart
 Rested not there, and yet no prouder height
 Lur'd on the climber: wherefore, of that life 110
 No more enamour'd, in my bosom love
 Of purer being kindled. For till then
 I was a soul in misery, alienate
 From God, and covetous of all earthly things;
 Now, as thou seest, here punish'd for my doting.
 Such cleansing from the taint of avarice 115
 Do spirits converted need. This mount inflicts
 No direr penalty. E'en as our eyes
 Fasten'd below, nor e'er to loftier clime
 Were lifted, thus hath justice level'd us 120
 Here on the earth. As avarice quench'd our love
 Of good, without which is no working, thus
 Here justice holds us prison'd, hand and foot
 Chain'd down and bound, while heaven's just Lord
 shall please,
 So long to tarry motionless outstretch'd." 125
 My knees I stoop'd, and would have spoke; but
 he,
 Ere my beginning, by his ear perceiv'd
 I did him reverence; and "What cause," said he,
 "Hath bow'd thee thus?"—"Compunction," I re-
 join'd,
 "And inward awe of your high dignity." 130

"Up," he exclaim'd, "brother! upon thy feet
 Arise: err not: thy fellow servant I,
 (Thine and all others') of one Sovran Power.
 If thou hast ever mark'd those holy sounds 134
 Of gospel truth, 'nor shall be giv'n in marriage,'
 Thou mayst discern the reasons of my speech.
 Go thy ways now; and linger here no more.
 Thy tarrying is a let unto the tears,
 With which I hasten that whereof thou spak'st.
 I have on earth a kinswoman; her name 140
 Alagia, worthy in herself, so ill
 Example of our house corrupt her not:
 And she is all remaineth of me there."

CANTO XX.

ILL strives the will, 'gainst will more wise that
strives:

His pleasure therefore to mine own preferr'd,
I drew the sponge yet thirsty from the wave.

Onward I mov'd: he also onward mov'd,
Who led me, coasting still, wherever place 5
Along the rock was vacant, as a man
Walks near the battlements on narrow wall.

For those on th' other part, who drop by drop
Wring out their all-infecting malady,
Too closely press the verge. Accurst be thou! 10

Inveterate wolf! whose gorge ingluts more prey,
Than every beast beside, yet is not fill'd!

So bottomless thy maw!—Ye spheres of heaven!
To whom there are, as seems, who attribute
All change in mortal state, when is the day 15

Of his appearing, for whom fate reserves
To chase her hence?—With wary steps and slow

We pass'd; and I attentive to the shades,
Whom piteously I heard lament and wail;
And, 'midst the wailing, one before us heard 20

Cry out "O blessed Virgin!" as a dame
In the sharp pangs of childbed; and "How poor

Thou wast," it added, "witness that low roof
Where thou didst lay thy sacred burden down.

O good Fabricius! thou didst virtue choose 25
With poverty, before great wealth with vice."

The words so pleas'd me, that desire to know
The spirit, from whose lip they seem'd to come,
Did draw me onward. Yet it spake the gift

O Nicholas, which on the maidens he 39
 Bounteous bestow'd, to save their youthful prime
 Unblemish'd. "Spirit! who dost speak of deeds
 So worthy, tell me who thou wast," I said,
 "And why thou dost with single voice renew
 Memorial of such praise. That boon vouchsaf'd 35
 Haply shall meet reward; if I return
 To finish the short pilgrimage of life,
 Still speeding to its close on restless wing."
 "I," answer'd he, "will tell thee, not for help,
 Which thence I look for; but that in thyself 40
 Grace so exceeding shines, before thy time
 Of mortal dissolution. I was root
 Of that ill plant, whose shade such poison sheds
 O'er all the Christian land, that seldom thence
 Good fruit is gather'd. Vengeance soon should
 come, 45
 Had Ghent and Douay, Lille and Bruges power;
 And vengeance I of heav'n's great Judge implore.
 Hugh Capet was I hight: from me descend
 The Philips and the Louis, of whom France
 Newly is govern'd; born of one, who ply'd 50
 The slaughterer's trade at Paris. When the race
 Of ancient kings had vanish'd (all save one
 Wrapt up in sable weeds) within my gripe
 I found the reins of empire, and such powers
 Of new acquirement, with full store of friends, 55
 That soon the widow'd circlet of the crown
 Was girt upon the temples of my son,
 He, from whose bones th' anointed race begins.
 Till the great dower of Provence had remov'd
 The stains, that yet obscur'd our lowly blood, 60
 Its sway indeed was narrow, but how'er
 It wrought no evil: there, with force and lies,
 Began it's rapine; after, for amends,
 Poitou it seiz'd, Navarre and Gascony.

To Italy came Charles, and for amends 60
 Young Conradine an innocent victim slew,
 And sent th' angelic teacher back to heav'n,
 Still for amends. I see the time at hand,
 That forth from France invites another Charles
 To make himself and kindred better known. 70
 Unarm'd he issues, saving with that lance,
 Which the arch-traitor tilted with; and that
 He carries with so home a thrust, as rives
 The bowels of poor Florence. No increase
 Of territory hence, but sin and shame 75
 Shall be his guerdon, and so much the more
 As he more lightly deems of such foul wrong.
 I see the other, who a prisoner late
 Had stept on shore, exposing to the mart
 His daughter, whom he bargains for, as do 80
 The Corsairs for their slaves. O avarice!
 What canst thou more, who hast subdued our blood
 So wholly to thyself, they feel no care
 Of their own flesh? To hide with direr guilt
 Past ill and future, lo! the flower-de-luce 85
 Enters Alagna! in his Vicar Christ
 Himself a captive, and his mockery
 Acted again! Lo! to his holy lip
 The vinegar and gall once more applied!
 And he 'twixt living robbers doom'd to bleed! 90
 Lo! the new Pilate, of whose cruelty
 Such violence cannot fill the measure up,
 With no decree to sanction, pushes on
 Into the temple his yet eager sails!
 "O sovran Master! when shall I rejoice 95
 To see the vengeance, which thy wrath well-pleas'd
 In secret silence broods?—While daylight lasts,
 So long what thou didst hear of her, sole spouse
 Of the Great Spirit, and on which thou turn'dst
 To me for comment, is the general theme 100

Of all our prayers: but when it darkens, then
 A different strain we utter, then record
 Pygmalion, whom his gluttonous thirst of gold
 Made traitor, robber, parricide: the woes
 Of Midas, which his greedy wish ensued, 103
 Mark'd for derision to all future times:
 And the fond Achan, how he stole the prey,
 That yet he seems by Joshua's ire pursued.
 Sapphira with her husband next we blame;
 And praise the forefeet, that with furious ramp. 110
 Spurn'd Heliodorus. All the mountain round
 Rings with the infamy of Thracian's king,
 Who slew his Phrygian charge: and last a shout
 Ascends: 'Declare, O Crassus! for thou know'st,
 The flavour of thy gold.' The voice of each 115
 Now high now low, as each his impulse prompts,
 Is led through many a pitch, acute or grave,
 Therefore, not singly, I erewhile rehears'd
 That blessedness we tell of in the day:
 But near me none beside his accent rais'd." 120
 From him we now had parted, and essay'd
 With utmost efforts to surmount the way,
 When I did feel, as nodding to its fall,
 The mountain tremble; whence an icy chill
 Seiz'd on me, as on one to death convey'd. 125
 So shook not Delos, when Latona there
 Couch'd to bring forth the twin-born eyes of heaven.
 Forthwith from every side a shout arose
 So vehement, that suddenly my guide
 Drew near, and cried: "Doubt not, while I con-
 duct thee," 130
 "Glory!" all shouted (such the sounds mine ear
 Gather'd from those, who near me swell'd the
 sounds)
 "Glory in the highest be to God." We stood
 Immoveably suspended, like to those, 134

The shepherds, who first heard in Bethlehem's field
 That song: till ceas'd the trembling, and the song
 Was ended: then our hallow'd path resum'd,
 Eying the prostrate shadows, who renew'd
 Their custom'd mourning. Never in my breast
 Did ignorance so struggle with desire 140
 Of knowledge, if my memory do not err,
 As in that moment; nor through haste dar'd I
 To question, nor myself could aught discern,
 So on I far'd in thoughtfulness and dread.

CANTO XXI.

THE natural thirst, ne'er quench'd but from the well,

Whereof the woman of Samaria crav'd,
 Excited: haste along the cumber'd path,
 After my guide, impell'd; and pity mov'd
 My bosom for the 'vengeful doom, though just. 5
 When lo! even as Luke relates, that Christ
 Appear'd unto the two upon their way,
 New-risen from his vaulted grave: to us
 A shade appear'd, and after us approach'd,
 Contemplating the croud beneath its feet. 10
 We were not ware of it; so first it spake,
 Saying, "God give you peace, my brethren!"
 then

Sudden we turn'd: and Virgil such salute,
 As fitted that kind greeting, gave, and cried:
 "Peace in the blessed council be thy lot 15
 Awarded by that righteous court, which me
 To everlasting banishment exiles!"

"How!" he exclaim'd, nor from his speed mean-while

Desisting, "If that ye be spirits, whom God
 Vouchsafes not room above, who up the height 20
 Has been thus far your guide?" To whom the bard:
 "If thou observe the tokens, which this man
 Trac'd by the finger of the angel bears,
 'Tis plain that in the kingdom of the just
 He needs must share. But sithence she, whose
 wheel 25

Spins day and night, for him not yet had drawn
 That yarn, which, on the fatal distaff pil'd,
 Clotho apportions to each wight that breathes,
 His soul, that sister is to mine and thine,
 Not of herself could mount; for not like our's 38
 Her ken: whence I, from forth the ample gulf
 Of hell was ta'en, to lead him, and will lead
 Far as my lore avails. But, if thou know,
 Instruct us for what cause, the mount erewhile
 Thus shook, and trembled: wherefore all at once 35
 Seem'd shouting, even from his wave-wash'd foot."

That questioning so tallied with my wish,
 The thirst did feel abatement of its edge
 E'en from expectance. He forthwith replied:
 " In it's devotion nought irregular 40
 This mount can witness, or by punctual rule
 Unsanction'd; here from every change exempt.
 Other than that, which heaven in itself
 Doth of itself receive, no influence
 Can reach us. Tempest none, shower, hail or
 snow, 45
 Hoar frost or dewy moistness, higher falls
 Than that brief scale of threefold steps: thick
 clouds

Nor scudding rack are ever seen: swift glance
 Ne'er lightens, nor Thaumantian Iris gleams,
 That yonder often shifts on each side heav'n. 50
 Vapour adust doth never mount above
 The highest of the trinal stairs, whereon
 Peter's vicegerent stands. Lower perchance,
 With various motion rock'd, trembles the soil:
 But here, through wind in earth's deep hollow pent,
 I know not how, yet never trembled: then 56
 Trembles, when any spirit feels itself
 So purified, that it may rise, or move

For rising, and such loud acclaim ensues.
 Purification by the will alone 60
 Is prov'd, that free to change society
 Seizes the soul rejoicing in her will.
 Desire of bliss is present from the first;
 But strong propension hinders, to that wish
 By the just ordinance of heav'n oppos'd; 65
 Propension now as eager to fulfil
 Th' allotted torment, as erewhile to sin.
 And I who in this punishment had lain
 Five hundred years and more, but now have felt
 Free wish for happier clime. Therefore thou felt'st
 The mountain tremble, and the spirits devout 71
 Heard'st, over all his limits, utter praise
 To that liege Lord, whom I entreat their joy
 To hasten." Thus he spake: and since the draught
 Is grateful ever as the thirst is keen, 75
 No words may speak my fulness of content.
 "Now," said the instructor sage, "I see the net
 That takes ye here, and how the toils are loos'd,
 Why rocks the mountain and why ye rejoice.
 Vouchsafe, that from thy lips I next may learn, 80
 Who on the earth thou wast, and wherefore here
 So many an age wert prostrate."—"In that time,
 When the good Titus, with Heav'n's King to help,
 Aveng'd those piteous gashes, whence the blood
 By Judas sold did issue, with the name 85
 Most lasting and most honour'd there was I
 Abundantly renown'd," the shade reply'd,
 "Not yet with faith endued. So passing sweet
 My vocal spirit, from Tolosa, Rome
 To herself drew me, where I merited 90
 A myrtle garland to inwreath my brow.
 Statius they name me still. Of Thebes I sang,
 And next of great Achilles: but i' th' way

Fell with the second burthen. Of my flame
 Those sparkles were the seeds, which I deriv'd 95
 From the bright fountain of celestial fire
 That feeds unnumber'd lamps, the song I mean
 Which sounds Æneas' wand'rings: that the breast
 I hung at, that the nurse, from whom my veins
 Drank inspiration: whose authority 100
 Was ever sacred with me. To have liv'd
 Coeval with the Mantuan, I would bide
 The revolution of another sun
 Beyond my stated years in banishment."

The Mantuan, when he heard him, turn'd to me,
 And holding silence, by his countenance 106
 Enjoin'd me silence: but the power which wills,
 Bears not supreme control: laughter and tears
 Follow so closely on the passion prompts them,
 They wait not for the motions of the will 110
 In natures most sincere. I did but smile,
 As one who winks / and thereupon the shade
 Broke off, and peer'd into mine eyes, where best
 Our looks interpret. "So to good event
 Mayst thou conduct such great emprise," he
 cried, 115

"Say, why across thy visage beam'd, but now,
 The lightning of a smile!" On either part
 Now am I straiten'd; one conjures me speak,
 Th' other to silence binds me: whence a sigh
 I utter, and the sigh is heard, "Speak on:" 120
 The teacher cried; "and do not fear to speak,
 But tell him what so earnestly he asks."
 Whereon I thus: "Perchance, O ancient spirit!
 Thou marvel'st at my smiling. There is room
 For yet more wonder. He who guides my ken 125
 On high, he is that Mantuan, led by whom
 Thou didst presume of men and gods to sing.

If other cause thou deem'dst for which I smil'd,
 Leave it as not the true one; and believe 129
 Those words, thou spak'st of him, indeed the cause."

Now down he bent t' embrace my teacher's feet;
 But he forbade him: "Brother! do it not:
 Thou art a shadow, and behold'st a shade."
 He rising answer'd thus: "Now hast thou prov'd
 The force and ardour of the love I bear thee, 135
 When I forget we are but things of air,
 And as a substance treat an empty shade."

CANTO XXII.

NOW we had left the angel, who had turn'd
 To the sixth circle our ascending step,
 One gash from off my forehead raz'd: while they,
 Whose wishes tend to justice, shouted forth:
 "Blessed!" and ended with "I thirst:" and I, 5
 More nimble than along the other straits,
 So journey'd, that, without the sense of toil,
 I follow'd upward the swift-footed shades;
 When Virgil thus began: "Let it's pure flame
 From virtue flow, and love can never fail 10
 To warm another's bosom, so the light
 Shine manifestly forth. Hence, from that hour,
 When, 'mongst us in the purlieus of the deep,
 Came down the spirit of Aquinum's bard,
 Who told of thine affection, my good will 15
 Hath been for thee of quality as strong
 As ever link'd itself to one not seen.
 Therefore these stairs will now seem short to me.
 But tell me: and if too secure I loose
 The rein with a friend's licence, as a friend 20
 Forgive me, and speak now as with a friend:
 How chanc'd it covetous desire could find
 Place in that bosom, 'midst such ample store
 Of wisdom, as thy zeal had treasur'd there?"
 First somewhat mov'd to laughter by his words,
 Statius replied: "Each syllable of thine 26
 Is a dear pledge of love. Things oft appear
 That minister false matter to our doubts,
 When their true causes are remov'd from sight.
 Thy question doth assure me, thou believ'st 30

I was on earth a covetous man, perhaps
 Because thou found'st me in that circle plac'd.
 Know then I was too wide of avarice:
 And e'en for that excess, thousands of moons
 Have wax'd and wan'd upon my sufferings. 36
 And were it not that I with heedful care
 Noted, where thou exclaim'st as if in ire
 With human nature, 'Why, thou cursed thirst
 Of gold! dost not with juster measure guide
 The appetite of mortals?' I had met 40
 The fierce encounter of the voluble rock.
 Then was I ware that with too ample wing
 The hands may haste to lavishment, and turn'd,
 As from my other evil, so from this
 In penitence. How many from their grave 45
 Shall with shorn locks arise, who living, ay
 And at life's last extreme, of this offence,
 Through ignorance, did not repent. And know,
 The fault which lies direct from any sin
 In level opposition, here with that 50
 Wastes its green rankness on one common heap.
 Therefore if I have been with those, who wail
 Their avarice, to cleanse me, through reverse
 Of their transgression, such hath been my lot."

To whom the sovran of the pastoral song: 53
 "While thou didst sing that cruel warfare wag'd
 By the twin sorrow of Jocasta's womb,
 From thy discourse with Clio there, it seems
 As faith had not been thine: without the which
 Good deeds suffice not. And if so, what sun 60
 Rose on thee, or what candle pierc'd the dark,
 That thou didst after see to hoise the sail,
 And follow, where the fisherman had led?"

He answering thus: "By thee conducted first,
 I enter'd the Parnassian grotts, and quaff'd 66
 Of the clear spring; illumin'd first by thee

Open'd mine eyes to God. Thou didst, as one,
 Who, journeying through the darkness, bears a light
 Behind, that profits not himself, but makes
 His followers wise, when thou exclaimedst, ' Lo !
 A renovated world ! Justice return'd ! 71
 Times of primeval innocence restor'd !
 And a new race descended from above !'
 Poet and Christian both to thee I owed.
 That thou mayst mark more clearly what I trace, 75
 My hand shall stretch forth to inform the lines
 With livelier colouring. Soon o'er all the world,
 By messengers from heav'n, the true belief
 Tecm'd now prolific, and that word of thine,
 Accordant, to the new instructors chim'd. 80
 Induc'd by which agreement, I was wont
 Resort to them ; and soon their sanctity
 So won upon me, that, Domitian's rage
 Pursuing them, I mix'd my tears with their's, 84
 And, while on earth I stay'd, still succour'd them ;
 And their most righteous customs made me scorn
 All sects besides. Before I led the Greeks,
 In tuneful fiction, to the streams of Thebes,
 I was baptiz'd ; but secretly, through fear,
 Remain'd a Christian, and conform'd long time 90
 To Pagan rites. Five centuries and more,
 I for that lukewarmness was fain to pace
 Round the fourth circle. Thou then, who hast rais'd
 The covering, which did hide such blessing from me.
 Whilst much of this ascent is yet to climb. 95
 Say, if thou know, where our old Terence bides,
 Cæcilius, Plautus, Varro : if condemn'd
 They dwell, and in what province of the deep."
 " These," said my guide, " with Persius and myself,
 And others many more, are with that Greek, 100
 Of mortals, the most cherish'd by the nine,
 In the first ward of darkness. There ofttime

We of that mount hold converse, on whose top
 For aye our nurses live. We have the bard
 Of Pella, and the Teian, Agatho, 105
 Simonides, and many a Grecian else
 Ingarlanded with laurel. Of thy train
 Antigone is there, Deiphile,
 Argia, and as sorrowful as erst
 Ismene, and who show'd Langia's wave: 110
 Deidamia with her sisters there,
 And blind Tiresias' daughter, and the bride
 Sea-born of Peleus." Either poet now
 Was silent, and no longer by th' ascent
 Or the steep walls obstructed, round them cast 115
 Inquiring eyes. Four handmaids of the day
 Had finish'd now their office, and the fifth
 Was at the chariot-beam, directing still
 Its flamy point aloof, when thus my guide :
 " Methinks, it well behoves us to the brink 120
 Bend the right shoulder, circuiting the mount,
 As we have ever us'd." So custom there
 Was usher to the road, the which we chose
 Less doubtful, as that worthy shade complied.
 They on before me went ; I sole pursued, 125
 List'ning their speech, that to my thoughts convey'd
 Mysterious lessons of sweet poesy.
 But soon they ceas'd ; for midway of the road
 A tree we found, with goodly fruitage hung,
 And pleasant to the smell : and as a fir 130
 Upward from bough to bough less ample spreads,
 So downward this less ample spread, that none,
 Methinks, aloft may climb. Upon the side,
 That clos'd our path, a liquid crystal fell 134
 From the steep rock, and through the sprays above
 Stream'd showering. With associate step the bards
 Drew near the plant ; and from amidst the leaves
 A voice was heard : " Ye shall be chary of me ;"

And after added : " Mary took more thought
 For joy and honour of the nuptial feast, 140
 Than for herself who answers now for you.
 The women of old Rome were satisfied
 With water for their beverage. Daniel fed
 On pulse, and wisdom gain'd. The primal age
 Was beautiful as gold; and hunger then 146
 Made acorns tasteful, thirst each rivulet
 Run nectar. Honey' and locusts were the food,
 Whereon the Baptist in the wilderness
 Fed, and that eminence of glory reach'd
 And greatness, which the' Evangelist records." 150

CANTO XXIII.

ON the green leaf mine eyes were fix'd, like his
 Who throws away his days in idle chase
 Of the diminutive birds, when thus I heard
 The more than father warn me : " Son ! our time
 Asks thriftier using. Linger not : away." 8

Thereat my face and steps at once I turn'd
 Toward the sages, by whose converse cheer'd
 I journey'd on, and felt no toil : and lo !
 A sound of weeping and a song : " My lips,
 O Lord !" and these so mingled, it gave birth 10
 To pleasure and to pain. " O Sire, belov'd !
 Say what is this I hear ? " Thus I inquir'd.

" Spirits," said he, " who, as they go, perchance,
 Their debt of duty pay." As on their road
 The thoughtful pilgrims, overtaking some 15
 Not known unto them, turn to them, and look,
 But stay not ; thus, approaching from behind
 With speedier motion, eyed us, as they pass'd,
 A croud of spirits silent and devout.
 The eyes of each were dark and hollow : pale 20
 Their visage, and so lean withal, the bones
 Stood staring thro' the skin. I do not think
 Thus dry and meagre Erisicthon show'd,
 When pinch'd by sharp-set famine to the quick.

" Lo !" to myself I mus'd, " the race, who lost
 Jerusalem, when Mary with dire beak 26
 Prey'd on her child." The sockets seem'd as rings,
 From which the gems were dropt. Who reads the
 name

Of man upon his forehead, there the M

Had trac'd most plainly. Who would deem, that
scent 30

Of water and an apple, could have prov'd
Powerful to generate such pining want,
Not knowing how it wrought? While now I stood
Wond'ring what thus could waste them (for the
cause

Of their gaunt hollowness and scaly rind 35

Appear'd not) lo! a spirit turn'd his eyes
In their deep-sunken cells, and fasten'd them

On me, then cried with vehemence aloud:

"What grace is this vouchsaf'd me?" By his looks
I ne'er had recogniz'd him: but the voice 40

Brought to my knowledge what his cheer conceal'd.

Remembrance of his alter'd lineaments

Was kindled from that spark; and I agniz'd

The visage of Forese. "Ah! respect

This wan and leprous wither'd skin," thus he 45

Suppliant implor'd, "this macerated flesh.

Speak to me truly of thyself. And who

Are those twain spirits, that escort thee there?

Be it not said thou scorn'st to talk with me."

"That face of thine," I answer'd him, "which
dead 50

I once bewail'd, disposes me not less

For weeping, when I see it thus transform'd.

Say then, by Heav'n, what blasts ye thus? The whilst

I wonder, ask not speech from me: unapt

Is he to speak, whom other will employs." 55

He thus: "The water and the plant, we pass'd,

Virtue possesses, by th' eternal will

Infus'd, the which so pines me. Every spirit,

Whose song bewails his gluttony indulg'd

Too grossly, here in hunger and in thirst 60

Is purified. The odour, which the fruit,

And spray, that showers upon the verdure, breathe,

Inflames us with desire to feed and drink,
 Nor once alone encompassing our route
 We come to add fresh fuel to the pain : 65
 Pain, said I ? solace rather : for that will
 To the tree leads us, by which Christ was led
 To call Elias, joyful when he paid
 Our ransom from his vein." I answering thus :
 " Forese ! from that day, in which the world 70
 For better life thou changedst, not five years
 Have circled. If the power of sinning more
 Were first concluded in thee, ere thou knew'st
 That kindly grief, which re-espouses us
 To God, how hither art thou come so soon ? 75
 I thought to find thee lower, there, where time
 Is recompense for time." He straight replied :
 " To drink up the sweet wormwood of affliction
 I have been brought thus early by the tears
 Stream'd down my Nella's cheeks. Her prayers
 devout, 80
 Her sighs have drawn me from the coast, where oft
 Expectance lingers, and have set me free
 From th' other circles. In the sight of God
 So much the dearer is my widow priz'd,
 She whom I lov'd so fondly, as she ranks 85
 More singly eminent for virtuous deeds.
 The tract most barb'rous of Sardinia's isle,
 Hath dames more chaste and modester by far
 Than that wherein I left her. O sweet brother !
 What wouldst thou have me say ? A time to come
 Stands full within my view, to which this hour 91
 Shall not be counted of an ancient date,
 When from the pulpit shall be loudly warn'd
 Th' unblushing dames of Florence, lest they bare
 Unkerchief'd bosoms to the common gaze 95
 What savage women hath the world e'er seen,
 What Saracens, for whom there needed scourge

Of spiritual or other discipline,
 To force them walk with cov'ring on their limbs?
 But did they see, the shameless ones, what Heav'n
 Wafts on swift wing toward them, while I speak,
 Their mouths were op'd for howling: they shall

taste

102

Of sorrow (unless foresight cheat me here)
 Or ere the cheek of him be cloth'd with down
 Who is now rock'd with lullaby asleep. 105

Ah! now my brother, hide thyself no more,
 Thou seest how not I alone but all
 Gaze, where thou veil'st the intercepted sun."

Whence I replied: "If thou recal to mind
 What we were once together, even yet 110

Remembrance of those days may grieve thee sore.
 That I forsook that life, was due to him

Who there precedes me, some few evenings past,
 When she was round, who shines with sister lamp
 To his, that glisters yonder," and I show'd 115

The sun. "Tis he, who through profoundest night
 Of the true dead has brought me, with this flesh

As true, that follows. From that gloom the aid
 Of his sure comfort drew me on to climb,
 And climbing wind along this mountain-steep, 120

Which rectifies in you whate'er the world
 Made crooked and deprav'd. I have his word,

That he will bear me company as far
 As till I come wheré Beatrice dwells:
 But there must leave me. Virgil is that spirit, 125

Who thus hath promis'd," and I pointed to him;
 "The other is that shade, for whom so late
 Your realm, as he arose, exulting shook
 Through every pendent cliff and rocky bound."

CANTO XXIV.

OUR journey was not slacken'd by our talk,
 Nor yet our talk by journeying. Still we spake,
 And urg'd our travel stoutly, like a ship
 When the wind sits astern. The shadowy forms,
 That seem'd things dead and dead again, drew in 5
 At their deep-delved orbs rare wonder of me,
 Perceiving I had life; and I my words
 Continued, and thus spake: "He journeys up
 Perhaps more tardily than else he would,
 For others' sake. But tell me, if thou know'st, 10
 Where is Piccarda? Tell me, if I see
 Any of mark, among this multitude,
 Who eye me thus."—"My sister (she for whom,
 'Twixt beautiful and good; I cannot say
 Which name was fitter) wears e'en now her crown,
 And triumphs in Olympus." Saying this, 16
 He add'd: "Since spare diet hath so worn
 Our semblance out, 't is lawful here to name
 Each one. This," and his finger then he rais'd,
 "Is Buonaggiunta,—Buonaggiunta, he 20
 Of Lucca: and that face beyond him, pierc'd
 Unto a leaner fineness than the rest,
 Had keeping of the church: he was of Tours,
 And purges by wan abstinence away
 Bolsena's eels and cups of muscadel." 25
 He show'd me many others, one by one,
 And all, as they were nam'd, seem'd well content;
 For no dark gesture I discern'd in any.
 I saw through hunger Ubaldino grind
 His teeth on emptiness; and Boniface, 30

That wav'd the crozier o'er a num'rous flock.
 I saw the Marquis, who had time erewhile
 To swill at Forli with less drought, yet so
 Was one ne'er sated, I howe'er, like him,
 That gazing 'midst a croud, singles out one, 35
 So singled him of Lucca; for methought
 Was none amongst them took such note of me.
 Somewhat I heard him whisper of Gentucca:
 The sound was indistinct, and murmur'd there, 39
 Where justice, that so strips them, fix'd her sting.
 "Spirit!" said I, "it seems as thou wouldst fain
 Speak with me. Let me hear thee. Mutual wish
 To converse prompts, which let us both indulge."

He, answ'ring, straight began: "Woman is born,
 Whose brow no wimple shades yet, that shall make
 My city please thee, blame it as they may. 46
 Go then with this forewarning. If aught false
 My whisper too implied, th' event shall tell.
 But say, if of a truth I see the man
 Of that new lay th' inventor, which begins 50
 With 'Ladies, ye that con the lore of love'."

To whom I thus: "Count of me but as one,
 Who am the scribe of love; that, when he breathes,
 Take up my pen, and, as he dictates, write."

"Brother!" said he, "the hind'rance which once
 held 55

The notary with Guittone and myself,
 Short of that new and sweeter style I hear,
 Is now disclos'd, I see how ye your plumes
 Stretch, as th' inditer guides them; which, no ques-
 tion,

Our's did not. He that seeks a grace beyond, 60
 Sees not the distance parts one style from other."
 And, as contented, here he held his peace.

Like as the birds, that winter near the Nile,
 The squared regiment direct their course,

Then stretch themselves in file for speedier flight;
 Thus all the tribe of spirits, as they turn'd 66
 Their visage, faster fled, nimble alike
 Through leanness and desire. And as a man,
 Tir'd with the motion of a trotting steed,
 Slacks pace, and stays behind his company. 70
 Till his o'erbreathed lungs keep temperate time;
 E'en so Forese let that holy crew
 Proceed, behind them lingering at my side,
 And saying: "When shall I again behold thee?"
 "How long my life may last," said I, "I know not;
 This know, how soon soever I return, 76
 My wishes will before me have arriv'd.
 Sithence the place, where I am set to live,
 Is, day by day, more scoop'd of all it's good,
 And dismal ruin seems to threaten it." 80
 "Go now," he cried: "lo! he, whose guilt is most,
 Passes before my vision, dragg'd at heels
 Of an infuriate beast. Toward the vale,
 Where guilt hath no redemption, on it speeds,
 Each step increasing swiftness on the last; 85
 Until a blow it strikes, that le veth him
 A corse most vilely shatter'd. No long space
 Those wheels have yet to roll" (therewith his eyes
 Look'd up to heav'n) "ere thou shalt plainly see
 That which my words may not more plainly tell. 90
 I quit thee: time is precious here: I lose
 Too much, thus measuring my pace with thine."
 As from a troop of well rank'd chivalry
 One knight, more enterprising than the rest,
 Pricks forth at gallop, eager to display 95
 His prowess in the first encounter prov'd;
 So parted he from us with lengthen'd strides,
 And left me on the way with those twain spirits,
 Who were such mighty marshals of the world.
 When he beyond us had so fled, mine eyes 100

No nearer reach'd him, than my thought his words,
 The branches of another fruit, thick hung,
 And blooming fresh, appear'd. E'en as our steps
 Turn'd thither, not far off it rose to view.

Beneath it were a multitude, that rais'd 105
 Their hands, and shouted forth I know not what
 Unto the boughs; like greedy and fond brats,
 That beg, and answer none obtain from him,
 Of whom they beg; but more to draw them on,
 He at arm's length the object of their wish 110
 Above them holds aloft, and hides it not.

At length, as undeceiv'd they went their way:
 And we approach the tree, whom vows and tears
 Sue to in vain, the mighty tree. "Pass on,
 And come not near. Stands higher up the wood,
 Whereof Eve tasted, and from it was ta'en 116
 This plant." Such sounds from midst the thickets
 came.

Whence I, with either bard, close to the side
 That rose, pass'd forth beyond. "Remember," next
 We heard, "those unblest creatures of the clouds,
 How they their twyfold bosoms overgorg'd 121
 Oppos'd in fight to Theseus: call to mind
 The Hebrews, how effeminate they stoop'd
 To ease their thirst; whence Gideon's ranks were
 thinn'd,

As he to Midian march'd adown the hills." 125

Thus near one border coasting, still we heard
 The sins of gluttony, with woe erewhile
 Reguerdon'd. Then along the lovely path,
 Once more at large, full thousand paces on
 We travel'd, each contemplative and mute. 130

"Why pensive journey thus ye three alone?"
 Thus suddenly a voice exclaim'd; whereat
 I shook, as doth a scar'd and paltry beast;
 Then rais'd my head to look from whence it came.

Was ne'er, in furnace, glass, or metal seen 139
 So bright and glowing red, as was the shape
 I now beheld. "If ye desire to mount,"
 He cried, "here must ye turn. This way he goes,
 Who goes in quest of peace." His countenance
 Had dazzled me; and to my guides I fac'd 140
 Backward, like one who walks, as sound directs.
 As when, to harbinger the dawn, springs up
 On freshen'd wing the air of May, and breathes
 Of fragrance, all impregn'd with herb and flowers.
 E'en such a wind I felt upon my front 145
 Blow gently, and the moving of a wing
 Perceiv'd, that moving shed ambrosial smell;
 And then a voice: "Blessed are they, whom grace
 Doth so illume, that appetite in them
 Exhaleth no inordinate desire, 150
 Still hung'ring as the rule of temperance wills."

No nearer reach'd him, than my thought his words,
 The branches of another fruit, thick hung,
 And blooming fresh, appear'd. E'en as our steps
 Turn'd thither, not far off it rose to view.

Beneath it were a multitude, that rais'd 105
 Their hands, and shouted forth I know not what
 Unto the boughs; like greedy and fond brats,
 That beg, and answer none obtain from him,
 Of whom they beg; but more to draw them on,
 He at arm's length the object of their wish 110
 Above them holds aloft, and hides it not.

At length, as undeceiv'd they went their way:
 And we approach the tree, whom vows and tears
 Sue to in vain, the mighty tree. "Pass on,
 And come not near. Stands higher up the wood,
 Whereof Eve tasted, and from it was ta'en 116
 This plant." Such sounds from midst the thickets
 came.

Whence I, with either bard, close to the side
 That rose, pass'd forth beyond. "Remember," next
 We heard, "those unblest creatures of the clouds,
 How they their twyfold bosoms overgorg'd 121
 Oppos'd in fight to Theseus: call to mind
 The Hebrews, how effeminate they stoop'd
 To ease their thirst; whence Gideon's ranks were
 thinn'd,

As he to Midian march'd adown the hills." 125

Thus near one border coasting, still we heard
 The sins of gluttony, with woe erewhile
 Reguerdon'd. Then along the lovely path,
 Once more at large, full thousand paces on
 We travel'd, each contemplative and mute. 130

"Why pensive journey thus ye three alone?"
 Thus suddenly a voice exclaim'd; whereat
 I shook, as doth a scar'd and paltry beast;
 Then rais'd my head to look from whence it came.

Was ne'er, in furnace, glass, or metal seen 135
 So bright and glowing red, as was the shape
 I now beheld. "If ye desire to mount,"
 He cried, "here must ye turn. This way he goes,
 Who goes in quest of peace." His countenance
 Had dazzled me; and to my guides I fac'd 140
 Backward, like one who walks, as sound directs.
 As when, to harbinger the dawn, springs up
 On freshen'd wing the air of May, and breathes
 Of fragrance, all impregn'd with herb and flowers.
 E'en such a wind I felt upon my front 145
 Blow gently, and the moving of a wing
 Perceiv'd, that moving shed ambrosial smell;
 And then a voice: "Blessed are they, whom grace
 Doth so illume, that appetite in them
 Exhaleth no inordinate desire, 150
 Still hung'ring as the rule of temperance wills."

CANTO XXV.

IT was an hour, when he who climbs, had need
 To walk uncrippled: for the sun had now
 To Taurus the meridian circle left,
 And to the Scorpion left the night. As one,
 That makes no pause, but presses on his road, 5
 Whate'er betide him, if some urgent need
 Impel: so enter'd we upon our way,
 One before other; for, but singly, none
 That steep and narrow scale admits to climb.
 E'en as the young stork lifteth up his wing 10
 Through wish to fly, yet ventures not to quit
 The nest, and drops it; so in me desire
 Of questioning my guide arose, and fell,
 Arriving even to the act, that marks
 A man prepar'd for speech. Him all our haste 15
 Restrain'd not, but thus spake the sire belov'd:
 "Fear not to speed the shaft, that on thy lip
 Stands trembling for its flight." Encourag'd thus
 I straight began: "How there can leanness come,
 Where is no want of nourishment to feed?" 20
 "If thou," he answer'd, "hadst remember'd thee,
 How Meleager with the wasting brand
 Wasted alike, by equal fires consum'd,
 This would not trouble thee: and hadst thou
 thought,
 How in the mirror your reflected form 25
 With mimic motion vibrates, what now seems
 Hard, had appear'd no harder than the pulp
 Of summer-fruit mature. But that thy will
 In certainty may find it's full repose,

Lo Statius here! on him I call, and pray 50
That he would now be healer of thy wound."
 " If in thy presence I unfold to him
 The secrets of heaven's vengeance, let me plead
 Thine own injunction, to exculpate me."
So Statius answer'd, and forthwith began: 55
 " Attend my words, O son, and in thy mind
 Receive them: so shall they be light to clear
 The doubt thou offer'st. Blood, concocted well,
 Which by the thirsty veins is ne'er imbib'd,
 And rests as food superfluous, to be ta'en 60
 From the replenish'd table, in the heart
 Derives effectual virtue, that informs
 The several human limbs, as being that,
 Which passes through the veins itself to make them.
 Yet more concocted it descends, where shame 65
 Forbids to mention: and from thence distils
 In natural vessel on another's blood.
 There each unite together, one dispos'd
 To endure, to act the other, through meet frame
 Of it's recipient mould: that being reach'd, 70
 It 'gins to work, coagulating first;
 Then vivifies what it's own substance caus'd
 To bear. With animation now indued,
 The active virtue (differing from a plant
 No further, than that this is on the way 75
 And at it's limit that) continues yet
 To operate, that now it moves, and feels,
 As sea sponge clinging to the rock: and there
 Assumes th' organic powers its seed convey'd.
 This is the period, son! at which the virtue, 80
 That from the generating heart proceeds,
 Is pliant and expansive; for each limb
 Is in the heart by forgeful nature plann'd.
 How babe of animal becomes, remains
 For thy consid'ring. At this point, more wise, 85

Than thou, has err'd, making the soul disjoin'd
From passive intellect, because he saw
No organ for the latter's use assign'd.

"Open thy bosom to the truth that comes.
Know soon as in the embryo, to the brain, 70
Articulation is complete, then turns
The primal Mover with a smile of joy
On such great work of nature, and imbreathe
New spirit replete with virtue, that what here
Active it finds, to it's own substance draws, 75
And forms an individual soul, that lives,
And feels, and bends reflective on itself.
And that thou less mayst marvel at the word,
Mark the sun's heat, how that to wine doth change,
Mix'd with the moisture filter'd through the vine.

"When Lachesis hath spun the thread, the soul
Takes with her both the human and divine, 82
Memory, intelligence, and will, in act
Far keener than before, the other powers
Inactive all and mute. No pause allow'd, 85
In wond'rous sort self-moving, to one strand
Of those, where the departed roam, she falls,
Here learns her destin'd path. Soon as the place
Receives her, round the plastic virtue beams,
Distinct as in the living limbs before: 90
And as the air, when saturate with showers,
The casual beam refracting, decks itself
With many a hue; so here the ambient air
Wearth that form, which influence of the soul
Imprints on it; and like the flame, that where 95
The fire moves, thither follows, so henceforth
The new form on the spirit follows still:
Hence hath it semblance, and is shadow call'd,
With each sense even to the sight endued:
Hence speech is our's, hence laughter, tears, and
sighs,

Which thou mayst oft have witness'd on the mount.
 Th' obedient shadow fails not to present
 Whatever varying passion moves within us.
 And this the cause of what thou marvel'st at."

Now the last flexure of our way we reach'd, 105
 And to the right hand turning, other care
 Awaits us. Here the rocky precipice
 Hurls forth redundant flames, and from the rim
 A blast up-blown, with forcible rebuff
 Driveth them back, sequester'd from its bound. 110

Behov'd us, one by one, along the side,
 That border'd on the void, to pass; and I
 Fear'd on one hand the fire, on th' other fear'd
 Headlong to fall: when thus th' instructor warn'd:
 "Strict rein must in this place direct the eyes. 115
 A little swerving and the way is lost."

'Then from the bosom of the burning mass,
 "O God of mercy!" heard I sung; and felt
 No less desire to turn. And when I saw
 Spirits along the flame proceeding, I 120
 Between their footsteps and mine own was fain
 To share by turns my view. At the hymn's close
 They shouted loud, "I do not know a man;"
 Then in low voice again took up the strain,
 Which once more ended, "To the wood," they
 cried, 125

"Ran Dian, and drave forth Callisto, stung
 With Cytherea's poison:" then return'd
 Unto their song; then many a pair extoll'd,
 Who liv'd in virtue chastely, and the bands
 Of wedded love. Nor from that task, I ween, 130
 Surcease they; whilesoe'er the scorching fire
 Enclasps them. Of such skill appliance needs
 To medicine the wound, that healeth last,

CANTO XXVI.

WHILE singly thus along the rim we walk'd,
 Oft the good master warn'd me: "Look thou well.
 Avail it that I caution thee." The sun
 Now all the western clime irradiate chang'd
 From azure tinct to white; and, as I pass'd, 5
 My passing shadow made the umber'd flame
 Burn ruddier. At so strange a sight I mark'd
 That many a spirit marvel'd on his way.

This bred occasion first to speak of me.
 "He seems," said they, "no insubstantial frame:"
 Then to obtain what certainty they might, 11
 Stretch'd towards me, careful not to overpass
 The burning pale. "O thou, who followest
 The others, haply not more slow than they,
 But mov'd by rev'rence, answer me, who burn 15
 In thirst and fire: nor I alone, but these
 All for thine answer do more thirst, than doth
 Indian or Æthiop for the cooling stream.
 Tell us, how is it that thou mak'st thyself
 A wall against the sun, as thou not yet 20
 Into th' inextricable toils of death
 Hadst enter'd?" Thus spake one; and I had
 straight

Declar'd me, if attention had not turn'd
 To new appearance. Meeting these, there came,
 Midway the burning path, a croud, on whom 25
 Earnestly gazing, from each part I view
 The shadows all press forward, sev'rally
 Each snatch a hasty kiss, and then away.
 E'en so the emmets, 'mid their dusky troops,

Peer closely one at other, to spy out 30
 Their mutual road perchance, and how they thrive.

That friendly greeting parted, ere dispatch
 Of the first onward step, from either tribe
 Loud clamour rises: those, who newly come,
 Shout "Sodom and Gomorrah!" these, "The cow
 Pasiphae enter'd, that the beast she woo'd 36
 Might rush unto her luxury." Then as cranes,
 That part towards the Rhiphaean mountains fly,
 Part towards the Lybic sands, these to avoid
 The ice, and those the sun; so hasteth off 40
 One croud, advances th' other; and resume
 Their first song weeping, and their several shout.

Again drew near my side the very same,
 Who had erewhile besought me, and their looks
 Mark'd eagerness to listen. I, who twice 45
 Their will had noted, spake: "O spirits secure,
 Whene'er the time may be, of peaceful end!
 My limbs, nor crude, nor in mature old age,
 Have I left yonder: here they bear me, fed
 With blood, and sinew-strung. That I no more 50
 May live in blindness, hence I tend aloft.
 There is a dame on high, who wins for us
 This grace, by which my mortal through your realm
 I bear. But may your utmost wish soon meet
 Such full fruition, that the orb of heaven, 55
 Fullest of love, and of most ample space,
 Receive you, as ye tell (upon my page
 Henceforth to stand recorded) who ye are,
 And what this multitude, that at your backs
 Have past behind us." As one, mountain-bred, 60
 Rugged and clownish, if some city's walls
 He chance to enter, round him stares agape,
 Confounded and struck dumb; e'en such appear'd
 Each spirit. But when rid of that amaze,

(Not long the inmate of a noble heart) 65
 He, who before had question'd, thus resum'd :
 " O blessed, who, for death preparing, tak'st
 Experience of our limits, in thy bark!
 Their crime, who not with us proceed, was that,
 For which, as he did triumph, Cæsar heard 70
 The shout of " queen," to taunt him. Hence their
 cry

Of " Sodom," as they parted, to rebuke
 Themselves, and aid the burning by their shame.
 Our sinning was Hermaphrodite: but we,
 Because the law of human kind we broke, 75
 Following like beasts our vile concupiscence,
 Hence parting from them, to our own disgrace
 Record the name of her, by whom the beast
 In bestial tire was acted. Now our deeds
 Thou know'st, and how we sinn'd. If thou by name
 Wouldst haply know us, time permits not now 81
 To tell so much, nor can I. Of myself
 Learn what thou wishest. Guinicelli I,
 Who having truly sorrow'd ere my last,
 Already cleanse me." With such pious joy, 85
 As the two sons upon their mother gaz'd
 From sad Lycurgus rescu'd, such my joy
 (Save that I more repress it) when I heard
 From his own lips the name of him pronounc'd,
 Who was a father to me, and to those 90
 My betters, who have ever us'd the sweet
 And pleasant rhymes of love. So nought I heard
 Nor spake, but long time thoughtfully I went,
 Gazing on him ; and, only for the fire,
 Approach'd not nearer. When my eyes were fed 95
 By looking on him, with such solemn pledge,
 As forces credence, I devoted me
 Unto his service wholly. In reply

He thus bespake me: "What from thee I hear
 Is grav'd so deeply on my mind, the waves 100
 Of Lethe shall not wash it off, nor make
 A whit less lively. But as now thy oath
 Has seal'd the truth, declare what cause impels
 That love, which both thy looks and speech be-
 wray."

"Those dulcet lays," I answer'd, "which, as
 long 105

As of our tongue the beauty does not fade,
 Shall make us love the very ink that trac'd them."

"Brother!" he cried, and pointed at a shade
 Before him, "there is one, whose mother speech
 Doth owe to him a fairer ornament. 110

He in love ditties and the tales of prose
 Without a rival stands, and lets the fools
 Talk on, who think the songster of Limoges
 O'ertops him. Rumour and the popular voice
 They look to more than truth, and so confirm 115
 Opinion, ere by art or reason taught.

Thus many of the elder time cried up
 Guittone, giving him the prize, till truth
 By strength of numbers vanquish'd. If thou own
 So ample privilege, as to have gain'd 120

Free entrance to the cloister, whereof Christ
 Is Abbot of the college, say to him
 One paternoster for me, far as needs
 For dwellers in this world, where power to sin
 No longer tempts us." Haply to make way 125
 For one, that follow'd next, when that was said,
 He vanish'd through the fire, as through the wave
 A fish, that glances diving to the deep.

I, to the spirit he had shown me, drew
 A little onward, and besought his name, 130
 For which my heart, I said, kept gracious room.

He frankly thus began: "Thy courtesy
 So wins on me, I have nor power nor will
 To hide me. I am Aruxult; and with songs,
 Sorely waymenting for my folly past, 135
 Thorough this ford of fire I wade, and see
 The day, I hope for, smiling in my view.
 I pray ye by the worth that guides ye up
 Unto the summit of the scale, in time
 Remember ye my suff'rings." With such words 140
 He disappear'd in the refining flame.

CANTO XXVII.

NOW was the sun so station'd, as when first
 His early radiance quivers on the heights,
 Where stream'd his Maker's blood, while Libra
 hangs

Above Hesperian Ebro, and new fires
 Meridian flash on Ganges' yellow tide. 5

So day was sinking, when the' angel of God
 Appear'd before us. Joy was in his mien.
 Forth of the flame he stood upon the brink,
 And with a voice, whose lively clearness far
 Surpass'd our human, "Blessed are the pure 10
 In heart," he sang: then near him as we came,
 "Go ye not further, holy spirits!" he cried,
 "Ere the fire pierce you: enter in; and list
 Attentive to the song ye hear from thence."

I, when I heard his saying, was as one 15
 Laid in the grave. My hands together clasp'd,
 And upward stretching, on the fire I look'd,
 And busy fancy conjur'd up the forms
 Erewhile beheld alive consum'd in flames.

Th' escorting spirits turn'd with gentle looks 20
 Toward me, and the Mantuan spake: "My son,
 Here torment thou mayst feel, but canst not death.
 Remember thee, remember thee, if I
 Safe e'en on Geryon brought thee: now I come
 More near to God. wilt thou not trust me now? 25
 Of this be sure: though in its womb that flame
 A thousand years contain'd thee, from thy head
 No hair should perish. If thou doubt my truth,
 Approach, and with thy hands thy vesture's hem

Stretch forth, and for thyself confirm belief. 30

Lay now all fear, O lay all fear aside.

Turn hither, and come onward undismay'd."

I still, though conscience urg'd, no step advanc'd.

When still he saw me fix'd and obstinate,
Somewhat disturb'd he cried: "Mark now, my
son, 35

From Beatrice thou art by this wall

Divided." As at Thisbe's name the eye

Of Pyramus was open'd, (when life ebb'd

Fast from his veins,) and took one parting glance,

While vermeil dyed the mulberry; thus I turn'd 40

To my sage guide, relenting, when I heard

The name, that springs for ever in my breast.

He shook his forehead; and, "How long," he
said,

"Linger we now?" then smil'd, as one would smile

Upon a child, that eyes the fruit and yields. 45

Into the fire before me then he walk'd;

And Statius, who erewhile no little space

Had parted us, he pray'd to come behind.

I would have cast me into molten glass

To cool me, when I enter'd; so intense 55

Rag'd the conflagrant mass. The sire belov'd,

To comfort me, as he proceeded, still

Of Beatrice talk'd. "Her eyes," saith he,

"E'en now I seem to view." From th' other side

A voice, that sang, did guide us, and the voice 60

Following, with heedful ear, we issued forth,

There where the path led upward. "Come," we
heard,

"Come, blessed of my Father." Such the sounds,

That hail'd us from within a light, which shone

So radiant, I could not endure the view. 65

"The sun," it added, "hastes: and evening comes.

Delay not: ere the western sky is hung

With blackness, strive ye for the pass." Our way
 Upright within the rock arose, and fac'd
 Such part of heav'n, that from before my steps 65
 The beams were shrouded of the sinking sun.

Nor many stairs were overpast, when now
 By fading of the shadow we perceiv'd
 The sun behind us couch'd ; and ere one face
 Of darkness o'er it's measureless expanse 70
 Involv'd th' horizon, and the night her lot
 Held individual, each of us had made
 A stair his pallet: not that will, but power,
 Had fail'd us, by the nature of that mount
 Forbidden further travel. As the goats, 75
 That late have skipp'd and wanton'd rapidly
 Upon the craggy cliffs, ere they had ta'en
 Their supper on the herb, now silent lie
 And ruminate beneath the umbrage brown,
 While noon-day rages ; and the goatherd leans 80
 Upon his staff, and leaning watches them :
 And as the swain, that lodges out all night
 In quiet by his flock, lest beast of prey
 Disperse them ; even so all three abode,
 I as a goat and as the shepherds they, 85
 Close pent on either side by shelving rock.

A little glimpse of sky was seen above ;
 Yet by that little I beheld the stars
 In magnitude and lustre shining forth
 With more than wonted glory. As I lay, 90
 Gazing on them, and in that fit of musing,
 Sleep overcame me, sleep, that bringeth oft
 Tidings of future hap. About the hour,
 As I believe, when Venus from the east
 First lighten'd on the mountain, she whose orb 95
 Seems always glowing with the fire of love,
 A lady young and beautiful, I dream'd,
 Was passing o'er a lea ; and, as she came,

Methought I saw her ever and anon
 Bending to cull the flowers; and thus she sang: 100
 " Know ye, whoever of my name would ask,
 That I am Leah : for my brow to weave
 A garland, these fair hands unwearied ply.
 To please me at the crystal mirror, here
 I deck me. But my sister Rachel, she 105
 Before her glass abides the livelong day,
 Her radiant eyes beholding, charm'd no less,
 Than I with this delightful task. Her joy
 In contemplation, as in labour mine."

And now as glimm'ring dawn appear'd, that breaks
 More welcome to the pilgrim still, as he 111
 Sojourns less distant on his homeward way,
 Darkness from all sides fled, and with it fled
 My slumber; whence I rose, and saw my guide
 Already risen. " That delicious fruit, 115
 Which through so many a branch the zealous care
 Of mortals roams in quest of, shall this day
 Appease thy hunger." Such the words I heard
 From Virgil's lip; and never greeting heard
 So pleasant as the sounds. Within me straight 120
 Desire so grew upon desire to mount,
 Thenceforward at each step I felt the wings
 Increasing for my flight. When we had run
 O'er all the ladder to it's topmost round,
 As there we stood, on me the Mantuan fix'd 125
 His eyes, and thus he spake: " Both fires, my son,
 The temporal and eternal, thou hast seen,
 And art arriv'd, where of itself my ken
 No further reaches. I with skill and art 130
 Thus far have drawn thee. Now thy pleasure take
 For guide. Thou hast o'ercome the steeper way,
 O'ercome the straiter. Lo! the sun, that darts
 His beam upon thy forehead! lo! the herb,
 The arborets and flowers, which of itself

This land pours forth profuse ! Till those bright
 eyes 135

With gladness come, which, weeping, made me haste
 To succour thee, thou mayst or seat thee down,
 Or wander where thou wilt. Expect no more

Sanction of warning voice or sign from me,
 Free of thy own arbitrement to choose, 140

Discreet, judicious. To distrust thy sense
 Were henceforth error. I invest thee then

With crown and mitre, sovereign o'er thyself."

CANTO XXVIII.

THROUGH that celestial forest, whose thick
 shade
 With lively greenness the new-springing day
 Attemper'd, eager now to roam, and search
 Its limits round, forthwith I left the bank,
 Along the champain leisurely my way
 Pursuing, o'er the ground, that on all sides
 Delicious odour breath'd. A pleasant air,
 That intermitted never, never veer'd,
 Smote on my temples, gently, as a wind
 Of softest influence: at which the sprays,
 Obedient all, lean'd trembling to that part
 Where first the holy mountain casts his shade,
 Yet were not so disorder'd, but that still
 Upon their top the leather'd quiristers
 Applied their wonted art, and with full joy
 Welcom'd those hours of prime, and warbled shrill
 Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lays
 Kept tenor; even as from branch to branch,
 Along the piny forests on the shore
 Of Chiassi, rolls the gath'ring melody,
 When Eolus hath from his cavern loos'd
 The dripping south. Already had my steps,
 Though slow, so far into that ancient wood
 Transported me, I could not ken the place
 Where I had enter'd, when behold! my path
 Was bounded by a rill, which to the left
 With little rippling waters bent the grass,
 That issued from it's brink. On earth no wave
 How clean so'er, that would not seem to have

Some mixture in itself, compar'd with this, 39
 Transpicious, clear; yet darkly on it roll'd,
 Darkly beneath perpetual gloom, which ne'er
 Admits or sun or moon-light there to shine.

My feet advanc'd not; but my wond'ring eyes
 Pass'd onward, o'er the streamlet, to survey 35
 The tender may-bloom, flush'd through many a hue,
 In prodigal variety: and there,
 As object, rising suddenly to view,
 That from our bosom every thought beside
 With the rare marvel chases, I beheld 40
 A lady all alone, who, singing, went,
 And culling flower from flower, wherewith her way
 Was all o'er painted. "Lady beautiful!

Thou, who, (if looks, that use to speak the heart,
 Are worthy of our trust,) with love's own beam 45
 Dost warm thee," thus to her my speech I fram'd:
 "Ah! please thee hither towards the streamlet bend
 Thy steps so near, that I may list thy song.
 Beholding thee and this fair place, methinks,
 I call to mind where wander'd and how look'd 50
 Proserpine, in that season, when her child
 The mother lost, and she the bloomy spring."

As when a lady, turning in the dance,
 Doth foot it featly, and advances scarce
 One step before the other to the ground; 55
 Over the yellow and vermillion flowers
 Thus turn'd she at my suit, most maiden-like,
 Valing her sober eyes, and came so near,
 That I distinctly caught the dulcet sound.
 Arriving where the limpid waters now 60
 Lav'd the green sword, her eyes she deign'd to
 raise;

That shot such splendour on me, as I ween
 Ne'er glanc'd from Cytherea's, when her son
 Had sped his keenest weapon to her heart.

Upon the opposite bank she stood and smil'd; 65
 As through her graceful fingers shifted still
 The intermingling dyes, which without seed
 That lofty land unbosoms. By the stream
 Three paces only were we sunder'd : yet,
 The Hellespont, where Xerxes pass'd it o'er, 70
 (A curb for ever to the pride of man)
 Was by Leander not more hateful held
 For floating, with inhospitable wave,
 'Twixt Sestos and Abydos, than by me
 That flood, because it gave no passage thence. 75
 " Strangers ye come, and haply in this place,
 That cradled human nature in it's birth,
 Wond'ring, ye not without suspicion view
 My smiles: but that sweet strain of psalmody,
 'Thou, Lord! hast made me glad,' will give ye 80
 light,
 Which may uncloud your minds. And thou, who
 stand'st
 The foremost, and didst make thy suit to me,
 Say if aught else thou wish to hear: for I
 Came prompt to answer every doubt of thine."
 She spake; and I replied: " I know not how 85
 To reconcile this wave and rustling sound
 Of forest leaves, with what I late have heard
 Of opposite report." She answering thus:
 " I will unfold the cause, whence that proceeds, 89
 Which makes thee wonder; and so purge the cloud
 That hath enwrapt thee. The First Good, whose joy
 Is only in himself, created man
 For happiness, and gave this goodly place,
 His pledge and earnest of eternal peace.
 Favour'd thus highly, through his own defect 95
 He fell, and here made short sojourn; he fell,
 And, for the bitterness of sorrow, chang'd
 Laughter unblam'd and ever-new delight.

That vapours none, exhal'd from earth beneath,
 Or from the waters, (which, wherever heat 100
 Attracts them, follow,) might ascend thus far
 To vex man's peaceful state, this mountain rose
 So high toward the heav'n, nor fears the rage
 Of elements contending, from that part
 Exempted, where the gate his limit bars. 105
 Because the circumambient air throughout
 With its first impulse circles still, unless
 Aught interpose to check or thwart it's course;
 Upon the summit, which on every side
 To visitation of th' impassive air 110
 Is open, doth that motion strike, and makes
 Beneath it's sway th' umbrageous wood resound:
 And in the shaken plant such power resides,
 That it impregnates with its efficacy
 The voyaging breeze, upon whose subtle plume 115
 That wafted flies abroad; and th' other land
 Receiving, (as 't is worthy in itself,
 Or in the clime, that warms it,) doth conceive,
 And from its womb produces many a tree
 Of various virtue. This when thou hast heard, 120
 The marvel ceases, if in yonder earth
 Some plant without apparent seed be found
 To fix its fibrous stem. And further learn,
 That with prolific foison of all seeds,
 This holy plain is fill'd, and in itself 125
 Bears fruit that ne'er was pluck'd on other soil.

"The water, thou behold'st, springs not from
 vein,

As stream, that intermittently repairs
 And spends his pulse of life, but issues forth
 From fountain, solid, undecaying, sure; 130
 And, by the will omnific, full supply
 Feeds whatsoe'er on either side it pours;
 On this devolv'd with power to take away

Remembrance of offence, on that to bring
 Remembrance back of every good deed done. 135
 From whence its name of Lethe on this part;
 On th' other Eunoe: both of which must first
 Be tasted ere it work; the last exceeding
 All flavours else. Albeit thy thirst may now
 Be well contented, if I here break off, 140
 No more revealing: yet a corollary
 I freely give beside: nor deem my words
 Less grateful to thee, if they somewhat pass
 The stretch of promise. They, whose verse of yore
 The golden age recorded and its bliss, 145
 On the Parnassian mountain, of this place
 Perhaps had dream'd. Here was man guiltless, here
 Perpetual spring and every fruit, and this
 The far-fam'd nectar." Turning to the bards,
 When she had cou's'd, I noted in their looks 150
 A smile at her conclusion; then my face
 Again directed to the lovely dame.

CANTO XXIX.

SINGING, as if enamour'd, she resum'd
 And clos'd the song, with "Blessed they whose sins
 Are cover'd." Like the wood-nymphs then, that
 tripp'd

Singly across the sylvan shadows, one
 Eager to view and one to 'scape the sun, 5
 So mov'd she on, against the current, up
 The verdant rivage. I, her mincing step
 Observing, with as tardy step pursued.

Between us not an hundred paces trod,
 The bank, on each side bending equally, 10
 Gave me to face the orient. Nor our way
 Far onward brought us, when to me at once,
 She turn'd, and cried: "My brother! look and
 hearken."

And lo! a sudden lustre ran across
 Through the great forest on all parts, so bright 15
 I doubted whether lightning were abroad;
 But that expiring ever in the spleen,
 That doth unfold it, and this during still
 And waxing still in splendour, made me question
 What it might be: and a sweet melody 20
 Ran through the luminous air. Then did I chide
 With warrantable zeal the hardihood
 Of our first parent, for that there where earth
 Stood in obedience to the heav'ns, she only,
 Woman, the creature of an hour, endur'd not 25
 Restraint of any veil: which had she borne
 Devoutly, joys, ineffable as these,
 Had from the first, and long time since, been mine.

While through that wilderness of primy sweets
 That never fade, suspense I walk'd, and yet 30
 Expectant of beatitude more high,
 Before us, like a blazing fire, the air
 Under the green boughs glow'd; and, for a song,
 Distinct the sound of melody was heard.

O ye thrice holy virgins! for your sakes 35
 If e'er I suffer'd hunger, cold and watching,
 Occasion calls on me to crave your bounty.
 Now through my breast let Helicon his stream
 Pour copious; and Urania with her choir
 Arise to aid me: while the verse unfolds 40
 Things that do almost mock the grasp of thought.

Onward a space, what seem'd seven trees of gold,
 The intervening distance to mine eye
 Falsely presented; but when I was come
 So near them, that no lineament was lost 45
 Of those, with which a doubtful object, seen
 Remotely, plays on the misdeeming sense,
 Then did the faculty, that ministers
 Discourse to reason, these for tapers of gold
 Distinguish, and i' th' singing trace the sound 50
 "Hosanna." Above, their beauteous garniture
 Flam'd with more ample lustre, than the moon
 Through cloudless sky at midnight in her full.

I turn'd me full of wonder to my guide;
 And he did answer with a countenance 55
 Charg'd with no less amazement: whence my view
 Reverted to those lofty things, which came
 So slowly moving towards us, that the bride
 Would have outstript them on her bridal day.

The lady call'd aloud: "Why thus yet burns 60
 Affection in thee for these living lights,
 And dost not look on that which follows them?"

I straightway mark'd a tribe behind them walk,
 As if attendant on their leaders, cloth'd

With raiment of such whiteness, as on earth 66
 Was never. On my left, the wat'ry gleam
 Borrow'd, and gave me back, when there I look'd,
 As in a mirror, my left side portray'd.

When I had chosen on the river's edge
 Such station, that the distance of the stream 70
 Alone did separate me; there I stay'd
 My steps for clearer prospect, and beheld
 The flames go onward, leaving, as they went,
 The air behind them painted as with trail
 Of liveliest pencils; so distinct were mark'd 75
 All those sev'n listed colours, whence the sun
 Maketh his bow, and Cynthia her zone.
 These streaming gonfalons did flow beyond
 My vision; and ten paces, as I guess,
 Parted the outermost. Beneath a sky 80
 So beautiful, came four-and-twenty elders,
 By two and two, with flower-de-luces crown'd.
 All sang one song: "Blessed be thou among
 The daughters of Adam! and thy loveliness
 Blessed for ever!" After that the flowers, 85
 And the fresh herblets, on the opposite brink,
 Were free from that elected race; as light
 In heav'n doth second light, came after them
 Four animals, each crown'd with verdurous leaf.
 With six wings each was plum'd, the plumage full
 Of eyes, and th' eyes of Argus would be such, 91
 Were they endued with life. Reader, more rhymes
 I will not waste in shadowing forth their form:
 For other need so straitens, that in this
 I may not give my bounty room. But read 95
 Ezekiel; for he paints them, from the north
 How he beheld them come by Chebar's flood,
 In whirlwind, cloud and fire; and even such
 As thou shalt find them character'd by him,

Here were they; save as to the pennons; there, 100
From him departing, John accords with me.

The space, surrounded by the four, enclos'd
A car triumphal : on two wheels it came
Drawn at a Gryphon's neck; and he above
Stretch'd either wing uplifted, 'twixt the midst 105
And the three listed hues, on each side three;
So that the wings did cleave or injure none;
And out of sight they rose. The members, far
As he was bird, were golden; white the rest
With vermeil intervein'd. So beautiful 110

A car in Rome ne'er grac'd Augustus' pomp,
Or Africanus': e'en the sun's itself
Were poor to this, that chariot of the sun
Erroneous, which in blazing ruin fell

At Tellus' pray'r devout, by the just doom 115
Mysterious of all-seeing Jove. Three nymphs

At the right wheel, came circling in smooth dance;
The one so ruddy, that her form had scarce
Been known within a furnace of clear flame :

The next did look, as if the flesh and bones 120
Were emerald : snow new-fallen seem'd the third.

Now seem'd the white to lead, the ruddy now ;
And from her song who led, the others took

Their measure, swift or slow. At th' other wheel,
A band quaternion, each in purple clad, 125

Advanc'd with festal step, as of them one
The rest conducted, one, upon whose front

Three eyes were seen. In rear of all this groupe,
Two old men I beheld, dissimilar

In raiment, but in port and gesture like, 130
Solid and mainly grave; of whom the one

Did show himself some favour'd counsellor
Of the great Coan, him, whom nature made

To serve the costliest creature of her tribe.

His fellow mark'd an opposite intent, 135
 Bearing a sword, whose glitterance and keen edge,
 E'en as I view'd it with the flood between,
 Appall'd me. Next four others I beheld,
 Of humble seeming: and, behind them all,
 One single old man, sleeping as he came, 140
 With a shrewd visage. And these seven, each
 Like the first troop were habited, but wore
 No braid of lilies on their temples wreath'd.
 Rather with roses and each vermeil flower,
 A sight, but little distant, might have sworn, 145
 That they were all on fire above their brow.

Whenas the car was o'er against me, straight
 Was heard a thund'ring, at whose voice it seem'd
 The chosen multitude were stay'd; for there,
 With the first ensigns, made they solemn halt. 150

CANTO XXX.

SOON as the polar light, which never knows
 Setting nor rising, nor the shadowy veil
 Of other cloud than sin, fair ornament
 Of the first heav'n, to duty each one there
 Safely convoying, as that lower doth 5
 The steersman to his port, stood firmly fix'd ;
 Forthwith the saintly tribe, who in the van
 Between the Gryphon and it's radiance came,
 Did turn them to the car, as to their rest :
 And one, as if commission'd from above, 10
 In holy chant thrice shouted forth aloud ;
 " Come, spouse, from Libanus !" and all the rest
 Took up the song.—At the last audit so
 The blest shall rise, from forth his cavern each
 Uplifting lightly his new-vested flesh, 15
 As, on the sacred litter, at the voice
 Authoritative of that elder, sprang
 A hundred ministers and messengers
 Of life eternal. " Blessed thou ! who com'st !"
 And, " O," they cried, " from full hands scatter ye
 Unwith'ring lilies ;" and, so saying, cast 21
 Flowers over head and round them on all sides.
 I have beheld, ere now, at break of day,
 The eastern clime all roseate, and the sky
 Oppos'd, one deep and beautiful serene, 25
 And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists
 Attemper'd at his rising, that the eye
 Long while endur'd the sight: thus in a cloud
 Of flowers, that from those hands angelic rose,
 And down, within and outside of the car, 30

Fell showering, in white veil with olive wreath'd,
 A virgin in my view appear'd, beneath
 Green mantle, rob'd in hue of living flame:
 And o'er my spirit, that in former days
 Within her presence had abode so long, 35
 No shudd'ring terror crept. Mine eyes no more
 Had knowledge of her; yet there mov'd from her
 A hidden virtue, at whose touch awak'd,
 The power of ancient love was strong within me.

No sooner on my vision streaming, smote 40
 The heav'nly influence, which, years past, and e'en
 In childhood, thrill'd me, than towards Virgil I
 Turn'd me to leftward, panting, like a babe,
 That flees for refuge to his mother's breast,
 If aught have terrified or work'd him woe: 45
 And would have cried: "There is no dram of
 blood,

That doth not quiver in me. The old flame
 Throws out clear tokens of reviving fire;"
 But Virgil had bereav'd us of himself,
 Virgil, my best-lov'd father; Virgil, he 50
 To whom I gave me up for safety: nor,
 All, our prime mother lost, avail'd to save
 My undew'd cheeks from blur of soiling tears.

"Dante, weep not, that Virgil leaves thee: nay,
 Weep thou not yet; behoves thee feel the edge 55
 Of other sword, and thou shalt weep for that."

As to the prow or stern, some admiral
 Paces the deck, inspiriting his crew,
 When 'mid the sail-yards all hands ply aloof;
 Thus on the left side of the car I saw, 60
 (Turning me at the sound of mine own name,
 Which here I am compell'd to register)
 The virgin station'd, who before appear'd
 Veil'd in that festive shower angelical. 64

Towards me, across the stream, she bent her e-

Though from her brow the veil descending, bound
 With foliage of Minerva, suffer'd not
 That I beheld her clearly; then with act
 Full royal, still insulting o'er her thrall,
 Added, as one, who speaking keepeth back 70
 The bitterest saying, to conclude the speech :
 " Observe me well. I am, in sooth, I am
 Beatrice. What! and hast thou deign'd at last
 Approach the mountain? Knewest not, O man!
 Thy happiness is here?" Down fell mine eyes 75
 On the clear fount, but there, myself espying,
 Recoil'd, and sought the greensward : such a weight
 Of shame was on my forehead. With a mien
 Of that stern majesty, which doth surround
 A mother's presence to her awe-struck child, 80
 She look'd; a flavour of such bitterness
 Was mingled in her pity. There her words
 Brake off, and suddenly the angels sang :
 " In thee, O gracious Lord, my hope hath been :"
 But went no farther than, " Thou, Lord, hast set
 My feet in ample room." As snow, that lies 85
 Amidst the living rafters on the back
 Of Italy cougeal'd, when drifted high
 And closely pil'd by rough Slavonian blasts,
 Breathe but the land whereon no shadow falls, 90
 And straightway melting it distils away,
 Like a fire-wasted taper: thus was I,
 Without a sigh or tear, or ever these
 Did sing, that with the chiming of heav'n's sphere,
 Still in their warbling chime : but when the strain
 Of dulcet symphony, express'd for me 95
 Their soft compassion, more than could the words
 " Virgin, why so consum'st him?" then the ice,
 Congeal'd about my bosom, turn'd itself
 To spirit and water, and with anguish forth 100
 Gush'd through the lips and eyelids from the heart.

Upon the chariot's right edge still she stood,
 Immoveable; and thus address'd her words
 To those bright semblances with pity touch'd :
 " Ye in th' eternal day your vigils keep, 105
 So that nor night nor slumber, with close stealth,
 Conveys from you a single step in all
 The goings on of life: thence with more heed
 I shape mine answer, for his ear intended,
 Who there stands weeping, that the sorrow now
 May equal the transgression. Not alone 111
 Through operation of the mighty orbs,
 That mark each seed to some predestin'd aim,
 As with aspect or fortunate or ill
 The constellations meet, but through benign 115
 Largess of heav'nly graces, which rain down
 From such a height, as mocks our vision, this man
 Was in the freshness of his being, such,
 So gifted virtually, that in him
 All better habits wond'rously had thriv'd. 120
 The more of kindly strength is in the soil,
 So much doth evil seed and lack of culture
 Mar it the more, and make it run to wildness.
 These looks sometime upheld him; for I show'd
 My youthful eyes, and led him by their light 125
 In upright walking. Soon as I had reach'd
 The threshold of my second age, and chang'd
 My mortal for immortal, then he left me,
 And gave himself to others. When from flesh
 To spirit I had risen, and increase 130
 Of beauty and of virtue circled me,
 I was less dear to him, and valued less.
 His steps were turn'd into deceitful ways,
 Following false images of good, that make
 No promise perfect. Nor avail'd me aught 135
 To sue for inspirations, with the which,
 I, both in dreams of night, and otherwise,

Did call him back ; of them so little reck'd him.
 Such depth he fell, that all device was short
 Of his preserving, save that he should view 140
 The children of perdition. To this end
 I visited the purlieus of the dead :
 And one, who hath conducted him thus high,
 Receiv'd my supplications urg'd with weeping.
 It were a breaking of God's high decree, 145
 If Lethe should be past, and such food tasted
 Without the cost of some repentant tear."

CANTO XXXI.

“O THOU!” her words she thus without delay
 Resuming, turn'd their point on me, to whom
 They but with lateral edge seem'd harsh before,
 “Say thou, who stand'st beyond the holy stream,
 If this be true. A charge so grievous needs 5
 Thine own avowal.” On my faculty
 Such strange amazement hung, the voice expir'd
 Imperfect, ere it's organs gave it birth.

A little space refraining, then she spake:
 “What dost thou muse on? Answer me. The wave
 On thy remembrances of evil yet 11
 Hath done no injury.” A mingled sense
 Of fear and of confusion, from my lips
 Did such a “Yea” produce, as needed help
 Of vision to interpret. As when breaks 15
 In act to be discharg'd, a cross-bow bent
 Beyond its pitch, both nerve and bow o'erstretch'd,
 The flagging weapon feebly hits the mark;
 Thus, tears and sighs forth gushing, did I burst
 Beneath the heavy load, and thus my voice 20
 Was slacken'd on its way. She straight began:
 “When my desire invited thee to love
 The good, which sets a bound to our aspirings,
 What bar of thwarting foss or linked chain
 Did meet thee, that thou so should'st quit the hope
 Of further progress, or what bait of ease 25
 Or promise of allurement led thee on
 Elsewhere, that thou elsewhere shouldst rather wait?”
 A bitter sigh I drew, then scarce found voice
 To answer, hardly to these sounds my lips 30

Gave utterance, wailing: "Thy fair looks with-
drawn,

Things present, with deceitful pleasures, turn'd
My steps aside." She answering spake: "Hadst
thou

Been silent, or denied what thou avow'st,
Thou hadst not hid thy sin the more: such eye 35
Observes it. But whene'er the sinner's cheek
Breaks forth into the precious-streaming tears
Of self-accusing, in our court the wheel
Of justice doth run counter to the edge.

Howe'er that thou mayst profit by thy shame 40

For errors past, and that henceforth more strength

May arm thee, when thou hear'st the Syren-voice,

Lay thou aside the motive to this grief,

And lend attentive ear, while I unfold

How opposite a way my buried flesh 45

Should have impell'd thee. Never didst thou spy

In art or nature aught so passing sweet,

As were the limbs, that in their beauteous frame

Enclos'd me, and are scatter'd now in dust.

If sweetest thing thus fail'd thee with my death, 50

What, afterward, of mortal should thy wish

Have tempted? When thou first hadst felt the dart

Of perishable things, in my departing

For better realms, thy wing thou shouldst have
prun'd-

To follow me, and never stoop'd again 55

To 'bide a second blow for a slight girl,

Or other gaud as transient and as vain.

The new and inexperienced bird awaits,

Twice it may be, or thrice, the fowler's aim;

But in the sight of one, whose plumes are full, 60

In vain the net is spread, the arrow wing'd."

I stood, as children silent and asham'd

Stand, list'ning, with their eyes upon the earth,

Acknowledging their fault and self-condemn'd. 64
And she resum'd: "If, but to hear thus pains thee,
Raise thou thy beard, and lo! what sight shall do!"

With less reluctance yields a sturdy holm,
Rent from its fibres by a blast, that blows
From off the pole, or from Iarbas' land,
Than I at her behest my visage rais'd: 70
And thus the face denoting by the beard,
I mark'd the secret sting her words convey'd.

No sooner lifted I mine aspect up,
Than downward sunk that vision I beheld
Of goodly creatures vanish; and mine eyes, 75
Yet unassur'd and wavering, bent their light
On Beatrice. Towards the animal,
Who joins two natures in one form, she turn'd,
And, even under shadow of her veil,
And parted by the verdant rill, that flow'd 80
Between, in loveliness appear'd as much
Her former self surpassing, as on earth

All others she surpass'd. Remorseful goads
Shot sudden through me. Each thing else, the more
Its love had late beguill'd me, now the more 85
Was loathsome. On my heart so keenly smote
The bitter consciousness, that on the ground
O'erpower'd I fell: and what my state was then,
She knows who was the cause. When now my
strength

Flow'd back, returning outward from the heart, 90
The lady, whom alone I first had seen,
I found above me. "Loose me not," she cried:
"Loose not thy hold;" and lo! had dragg'd me
high

As to my neck into the stream, while she,
Still as she drew me after, swept along, 95
Swift as a shuttle, bounding o'er the wave.

The blessed shore approaching, then was heard

So sweetly, "Tu asperges me," that I
May not remember, much less tell the sound.

The beauteous dame, her arms expanding, clasp'd
My temples, and immerg'd me, where 't was fit 101
The wave should drench me: and, thence raising up,
Within the fourfold dance of lovely nymphs
Presented me so lav'd, and with their arm
They each did cover me. "Here are we nymphs,
And in the heav'n are stars. Or ever earth 106
Was visited of Beatrice, we

Appointed for her handmaids, tanded on her.
We to her eyes will lead thee; but the light
Of gladness that is in them, well to scan, 110
Those yonder three, of deeper ken than our's,
Thy sight shall quicken." Thus began their song;
And then they led me to the Gryphon's breast,
While, turn'd toward us, Beatrice stood.

"Spare not thy vision. We have station'd thee 115
Before the emeralds, whence love erewhile
Hath drawn his weapons on thee." As they spake,
A thousand fervent wishes riveted
Mine eyes upon her beaming eyes, that stood
Still fix'd toward the Gryphon motionless. 120

As the sun strikes a mirror, even thus
Within those orbs the twyfold being shone,
For ever varying, in one figure now
Reflected, now in other. Reader! muse
How wond'rous in my sight it seem'd to mark 125
A thing, albeit steadfast in itself,
Yet in it's imag'd semblance mutable.

Full of amaze, and joyous, while my soul
Fed on the viand, whereof still desire
Grows with satiety, the other three 130
With gesture, that declar'd a loftier line,
Advanc'd: to their own carol on they came
Dancing in festive ring angelical.

"Turn, Beatrice!" was their song: "O turn
 Thy saintly sight on this thy faithful one, 133
 Who to behold thee many a wearisome pace
 Hath measur'd. Gracious at our pray'r vouchsafe
 Unveil to him thy cheeks: that he may mark
 Thy second beauty, now conceal'd." O splendor!
 O sacred light eternal! who is he 140
 So pale with musing in Pierian shades,
 Or with that fount so lavishly imbued,
 Whose spirit should not fail him in th' essay
 To represent thee such as thou didst seem,
 When under cope of the still-chiming heaven 145
 Thou gav'st to open air thy charms reveal'd?

CANTO XXXII.

MINE eyes with such an eager coveting,
 Were bent to rid them of their ten year's thirst,
 No other sense was waking: and e'en they
 Were fenc'd on either side from heed of aught;
 So tangled in it's custom'd toils that smile 5
 Of saintly brightness drew me to itself,
 When forcibly toward the left my sight
 The sacred virgins turn'd: for from their lips
 I heard the warning sounds: "Too fix'd a gaze!"
 Awhile my vision labour'd; as when late 10
 Upon the' o'erstrained eyes the sun hath smote:
 But soon to lesser object, as the view
 Was now recover'd (lesser in respect
 To that excess of sensible, whence late
 I had perforce been sunder'd) on their right 15
 I mark'd that glorious army wheel, and turn,
 Against the sun and sev'nfold lights, their front.
 As when, their bucklers for protection rais'd,
 A well-rang'd troop, with portly banners curl'd,
 Wheel circling, ere the whole can change their
 ground: 20
 E'en thus the goodly regiment of heav'n
 Proceeding, all did pass us, ere the car
 Had slop'd his beam. Attendant at the wheels
 The damsels turn'd; and on the Gryphon mov'd
 The sacred burden, with a pace so smooth, 25
 No feather on him trembled. The fair dame,
 Who through the wave had drawn me, companioned
 By Statius and myself, pursued the wheel,
 Whose orbit, rolling, mark'd a lesser arch.

Through the high wood, now void (the more hat
blame, 30

Who by the serpent was beguil'd) I past
With step in cadence to the harmony
Angelic. Onward had we mov'd, as far
Perchance as arrow at three several flights
Full wing'd had sped, when from her station down
Descended Beatrice. With one voice 36
All murmur'd "Adam," circling next a plant
Despoil'd of flowers and leaf on every bough.

It's tresses, spreading more as more they rose,
Were such, as 'midst their forest wilds for height 40
The Indians might have gaz'd at. "Blessed thou!
Gryphon, whose beak hath never pluck'd that tree
Pleasant to taste: for hence the appetite
Was warp'd to evil." Round the stately trunk
Thus shouted forth the rest, to whom return'd 46
The animal twice-gender'd: "Yea: for so
The generation of the just are sav'd."
And turning to the chariot-pole, to foot
He drew it of the widow'd branch, and bound
There left unto the stock whereon it grew. 50

As when large floods of radiance from above
Stream, with that radiance mingled, which ascends
Next after setting of the scaly sign,
Our plants then burgein, and each wears anew
His wonted colours, ere the sun have yok'd 55
Beneath another star his flamy steeds;
Thus putting forth a hue, more faint than rose,
And deeper than the violet, was renew'd
The plant, erewhile in all it's branches bare.

Unearthly was the hymn, which then arose. 60
I understood it not, nor to the end
Endur'd the harmony. Had I the skill
To pencil forth, how clos'd th' un pitying eyes
Slumb'ring, when Syriux warbled, (eyes that paid

So dearly for their watching,) then like painter, 65
 That with a model paints, I might design
 The manner of my falling into sleep.
 But feign who will the slumber cunningly;
 I pass it by to when I wak'd, and tell
 How suddenly a flash of splendor rent 70
 The curtain of my sleep, and one cries out:
 "Arise, what dost thou?" As the chosen three,
 On Tabor's mount, admitted to behold
 The blossoming of that fair tree, whose fruit
 Is coveted of angels, and doth make 75
 Perpetual feast in heaven; to themselves
 Returning at the word, whence deeper sleeps
 Were broken, they their tribe diminish'd saw,
 Both Moses and Elias gone, and chang'd
 The stole their master wore: thus to myself 80
 Returning, over me beheld I stand
 The piteous one, who cross the stream had brought
 My steps. "And where," all doubting, I exclaim'd,
 "Is Beatrice?"—"See her," she replied,
 "Beneath the fresh leaf seated on it's root. 85
 Behold th' associate choir that circles her.
 The others, with a melody more sweet
 And more profound, journeying to higher realms,
 Upon the Gryphon tend." If there her words
 Were clos'd, I know not; but mine eyes had now
 Ta'en view of her, by whom all other thoughts 91
 Were barr'd admittance. On the very ground
 Alone she sat, as she had there been left
 A guard upon the wain, which I beheld
 Bound to the twyform beast. The seven nymphs 95
 Did make themselves a cloister round about her,
 And in their hands upheld those lights secure
 From blast septentrion and the gusty south.
 "A little while thou shalt be forester here:
 And citizen shalt be for ever with me, 100

Of that true Rome, wherein Christ dwells a Roman.
 To profit the misguided world, keep now
 Thine eyes upon the car; and what thou seest,
 'Take heed thou write, returning to that place.'

Thus Beatrice: at whose feet inclin'd 105
 Devout, at her behest, my thought and eyes,
 I, as she bade, directed. Never fire,
 With so swift motion, forth a stormy cloud
 Leap'd downward from the welkin's farthest bound,
 As I beheld the bird of Jove descending 110
 Pounced on the tree, and, as he rush'd, the rind,
 Disparting crush beneath him, buds much more
 And leaflets. On the car with all his might
 He struck, whence, staggering like a ship, it reel'd,
 At random driv'n, to starboard now, o'ercome, 115
 And now to larboard, by the vaulting waves.

Next springing up into the chariot's womb
 A fox I saw, with hunger seeming pin'd.
 Of all good food. But, for his ugly sins
 The saintly maid rebuking him, away 120
 Scamp'ring he turn'd, fast as his hide-bound corpse
 Would bear him. Next, from whence before he
 came,

I saw the eagle dart into the hull
 O' th' car, and leave it with his feathers lin'd;
 And then a voice, like that which issues forth 125
 From heart with sorrow riv'd, did issue forth
 From heav'n, and, "O poor bark of mine!" it cried,
 "How badly art thou freighted!" Then, it seem'd,
 That the earth open'd between either wheel,
 And I beheld a dragon issue thence, 130
 That through the chariot fix'd his forked train;
 And like a wasp that draggeth back the sting,
 So drawing forth his baleful train, he dragg'd
 Part of the bottom forth, and went his way
 Exulting. What remain'd, as lively turf 135

With green herb, so did clothe itself with plumes,
Which haply had with purpose chaste and kind
Been offer'd; and therewith were cloth'd the
wheels,

Both one and other, and the beam, so quickly,
A sigh, were not breath'd sooner. Thus transform'd,
The holy structure, through its several parts, 141
Did put forth heads, three on the beam, and one
On every side; the first like oxen horn'd,
But with a single horn upon their front

The four. Like monster sight hath never seen. 145
O'er it methought there sat, secure as rock
On mountain's lofty top, a shameless whore,
Whose ken rov'd loosely round her. At her side,
As 't were that none might bear her off, I saw
A giant stand; and ever and anon 150

They mingled kisses. But, her lustful eyes
Chancing on me to wander, that fell minion
Scourg'd her from head to foot all o'er; then full
Of jealousy, and fierce with rage, unloos'd
The monster, and dragg'd on, so far across 155
The forest, that from me its shades alone
Shielded the harlot and the new-form'd brute.

CANTO XXXIII.

“**T**HE heathen, Lord! are come:” responsive
thus,

The trinal now, and now the virgin band
Quaternion, their sweet psalmody began,
Weeping; and Beatrice listen'd, sad
And sighing, to the song, in such a mood, 5
That Mary, as she stood beside the cross,
Was scarce more chang'd. But when they gave her
place

To speak, then, risen upright on her feet,
She, with a colour glowing bright as fire,
Did answer: “ Yet a little while, and ye 10
Shall see me not; and, my beloved sisters,
Again, a little while and ye shall see me.”

Before her then she marshal'd all the seven,
And, beck'ning only, motion'd me, the dame,
And that remaining sage, to follow her. 15

So on she pass'd; and had not set, I ween.
Her tenth step to the ground, when with mine eyes
Her eyes encounter'd; and, with visage mild,
“ So mend thy pace,” she cried, “ that if my words
Address thee, thou mayst still be aptly plac'd 20
To hear them.” Soon as duly to her side
I now had hasten'd: “ Brother!” she began,
“ Why mak'st thou no attempt at questioning,
As thus we walk together?” Like to those 25
Who, speaking with too reverent an awe
Before their betters, draw not forth the voice
Alive unto their lips, befel me then
That I in sounds imperfect thus began:

"Lady! what I have need of, that thou know'st,
And what will suit my need." She answering
thus: 30

"Of fearfulness and shame, I will, that thou
Henceforth do rid thee: that thou speak no more,
As one who dreams. Thus far be taught of me:
The vessel, which thou saw'st the serpent break,
Was and is not: let him, who hath the blame, 35
Hope not to scare God's vengeance with a sop.
Without an heir for ever shall not be
That eagle, he, who left the chariot plum'd,
Which monster made it first and next a prey.
Plainly I view, and therefore speak, the stars 40
E'en now approaching, whose conjunction, free
From all impediment and bar, brings on
A season, in the which, one sent from God,
(Five hundred, five, and ten, do mark him out)
That foul one, and th' accomplice of her guilt 45
The giant, both shall slay. And if perchance
My saying, dark as Themis or as Sphinx,
Fail to persuade thee, (since like them it foils
The intellect with blindness) yet ere long
Events shall be the Naiads, that will solve 50
This knotty riddle, and no damage light
On flock or field. Take heed; and as these words
By me are utter'd, teach them even so
To those who live that life, which is a race
To death: and when thou writ'st them, keep in mind
Not to conceal how thou hast seen the plant, 55
That twice hath now been spoil'd. This whose robs,
This whose plucks, with blasphemy of deed
Sins against God, who for his use alone
Creating hallow'd it. For taste of this. 60
In pain and in desire, five thousand years
And upward, the first soul did yearn for him,
Who punish'd in himself the fatal gust.

" Thy reason slumbers, if it deem this height
 And summit thus inverted of the plant, 65
 Without due cause: and were not vainer thoughts,
 As Elsa's numbing waters, to thy soul,
 And their fond pleasures had not dyed it dark
 As Pyramus the mulberry, thou hadst seen,
 In such momentous circumstance alone, 70
 God's equal justice morally implied
 In the forbidden tree. But since I mark thee
 In understanding harden'd into stone,
 And, to that hardness, spotted too and stain'd,
 So that thine eye is dazzled at my word, 75
 I will, that, if not written, yet at least
 Painted thou take it in thee, for the cause,
 That one brings home his staff inwreath'd with
 palm."

I thus: " As wax by seal, that changeth not
 Its impress, now is stamp'd my brain by thee. 80
 But wherefore soars thy wish'd-for speech so high
 Beyond my sight, that loses it the more,
 The more it strains to reach it?"—"To the end
 That thou mayst know," she answer'd straight,
 " the school,
 That thou hast follow'd; and how far behind, 85
 When following my discourse, it's learning halts:
 And mayst behold your art, from the divine
 As distant, as the disagreement is
 'Twixt earth and heav'n's most high and rapturous
 orb."

" I not remember," I replied, " that e'er 90
 I was estrang'd from thee, nor for such fault
 Doth conscience chide me." Smiling she return'd:
 " If thou canst not remember, call to mind
 How lately thou hast drunk of Lethe's wave;
 And, sure as smoke doth indicate a flame, 95
 In that forgetfulness itself conclude

Blame from thy alienated will incurr'd.
 From henceforth verily my words shall be
 As naked, as will suit them to appear
 In thy unpractis'd view." More sparkling now, 100
 And with retarded course the sun possess'd
 The circle of mid-day, that varies still
 As th' aspect varies of each several clime,
 When, as one, sent in vaward of a troop
 For escort, pauses, if perchance he spy 105
 Vestige of somewhat strange and rare: so paus'd
 The sev'nfold band, arriving at the verge
 Of a dun umbrage hoar, such as is seen,
 Beneath green leaves and gloomy branches, oft
 To overbrow a bleak and alpine cliff. 110
 And, where they stood, before them, as it seem'd,
 I Tigris and Euphrates both beheld,
 Forth from one fountain issue; and, like friends,
 Linger at parting. "O enlight'ning beam!
 O glory of our kind! beseech thee say 115
 What water this, which from one source deriv'd
 Itself removes to distance from itself?"

To such entreaty answer thus was made:
 "Entreat Matilda, that she teach thee this."
 And here, as one, who clears himself of blame
 Imputed, the fair dame return'd: "Of me 121
 He this and more hath learnt; and I am safe
 That Lethe's water hath not hid it from him."
 And Beatrice: "Some more pressing care, 125
 That oft the memory 'reaves, perchance hath made
 His mind's eye dark. But lo! where Eunoe flows!
 Lead thither; and, as thou art wont, revive
 His fainting virtue." As a courteous spirit,
 That proffers no excuses, but as soon
 As he hath token of another's will, 130
 Makes it his own; when she had ta'en me, thus
 The lovely maiden mov'd her on, and call'd

To Statius with an air most lady-like :

"Come thou with him?" Were further space allowed'd, 134

Then, Reader, might I sing, though but in part,
That beverage, with whose sweetness I had ne'er
Been sated. But, since all the leaves are full,

Appointed for this second strain, mine art
With warning bridle checks me. I return'd

From the most holy wave, regenerate, 140

E'en as new plants renew'd with foliage new,
Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars,

NOTES.

CANTO I.

Verse 1. *O'er better waves.*] **SO** Berni. Orl.
Inn. l. 2. c. i.

Per correr maggior acqua alza le vele,
O debil navicella del mio ingegno.

v. 11. *Birds of chattering note.*] For the fable of the daughters of Pierus, who challenged the muses to sing, and were by them changed into magpies, see Ovid. Met. l. v. fab. 5.

v. 19. *Planet.*] Venus.

v. 20. *Made all the orient laugh.*] Hence Chaucer. Knight's Tale:

And all the orisont laugheth of the sight.
It is sometimes read "orient."

v. 24. *Four stars.*] Symbolical of the four cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance. See Canto XXXI. v. 105.

v. 30 *The wain.*] Charles's wain, or Boötes.

v. 31. *An old man.*] Cato.

v. 42. *Venerable plumes.*] The same metaphor has occurred in Hell, Canto XX. v. 41.

The plumes,

That mark'd the better sex.

It is used by Ford in the Lady's Trial, a. 4. s. 2.

Now the down

Of softness is exchang'd for plumes of age.

v. 58. *The furthest gloom.*] L'ultima sera.
So Ariosto. O. F. c. xxxiv. st. 59.

Che non han visto ancor l'ultima sera.
And Filicaja. c. ix. Al Sonno.
L'ultima sera.

v. 79. *Marcia.*]

Da fœdera prisci
Illibata tori: da tantum nomen inane
Connubii: liceat tumulo scripsisse, Catonis
Martia. *Lucan. Phars. l. ii. 344.*

v. 116. *I spy'd the trembling of the ocean stream.*] Conobbbi il tremolar della marina.
So Trissino in the Sofonisba.

E resta in tremolar l'onda marina.
And Fortinguerra. Ricciardetto. c. ix. st. 17.
— visto il tremolar della marina.

v. 135. *Another.*] From Virg. *Æn. l. vi. 143.*
Primo avolsò non deficit alter.

CANTO II.

v. 1. *Now had the sun.*] Dante was now antipodal to Jerusalem; so that while the sun was setting with respect to that place, which he supposes to be the middle of the inhabited earth, to him it was rising.

v. 6. *The scales.*] The constellation *Libra*.

v. 35. *Winnowing the air.*]

Trattando l'aere con l'eterne penne.
So Filicaja. canz. viii. st. 11.
Ma trattar l'aere coll' eterne piume.

v. 45. *In exitu.*] "When Israel came out of Egypt." Ps. cxiv.

v. 75. *Thrice my hands.*]

Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum,
Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

Virg. Æn. ii. 791.

Compare Homer. Od. XI. 205.

v. 88. *My Casella.*] A Florentine, celebrated for his skill in music, "in whose company," says Landino, "Dante often recreated his spirits, wearied by severer studies." See Dr. Burney's History of Music, vol. ii. c. iv. p. 322. Milton has a fine allusion to this meeting in his sonnet to Henry Lawes.

v. 90. *Hath so much time been lost.*] Casella had been dead some years, but was only just arrived.

v. 91. *He.*] The conducting angel.

v. 94. *These three months past.*] Since the time of the Jubilee, during which all spirits not condemned to eternal punishment, were supposed to pass over to Purgatory as soon as they pleased.

v. 96. *The shore.*] Ostia.

v. 107. "*Love that discourses in my thoughts.*"

"Amor che nella mente mi ragiona."

The first verse of a canzone, or song, in the Convito of Dante, which he again cites in his Treatise de Vulg. Eloq. l. ii. c. vi.

CANTO III.

v. 9. *How doth a little falling wound thee sore.]*
 Ch' era al cor picciol fallo amaro morso.

Tasso, G. L. c. x. st. 59.

v. 11. *Haste, that mars all decency of act.]*
 Aristotle in his *Physiog.* c. iii. reckons it among the
σημεία "the signs of an impudent man;"
 that he is *ἐν ταῖς κινήσεων ὀψις*, "quick in his mo-
 tions." Compare Sophocles. *Electra*. 878. *Τὸ κίνησιν*
μεθυστα.

v. 26. *To Naples.]* Virgil died at Brundisium,
 from whence his body is said to have been removed
 to Naples.

v. 38. *Desiring fruitlessly.]* See H. Canto IV.
 39.

v. 49. *'Twixt Lerice and Turbia.]* At that time
 the two extremities of the Genoese republic, the
 former on the east, the latter on the west. A very
 ingenious writer has had occasion, for a different
 purpose, to mention one of these places as remark-
 ably secluded by its mountainous situation. "On
 an eminence among the mountains, between the
 two little cities, Nice and Monaco, is the village of
 Torbia, a name formed from the Greek *τόρβαν*."
Mitford on the Harmony of Language. sect. xv. p.
 351. 2d edit.

v. 78. *As sheep.]* The imitative nature of these
 animals supplies our Poet with another comparison
 in his *Convito*. Opere. t. i. p. 34. Ediz. Ven. 1793.

v. 110. *Manfredi.]* King of Naples and Sicily,
 and the natural son of Frederick II. He was lively
 and agreeable in his manners, and delighted in po-

etry, music, and dancing. But he was luxurious and ambitious, void of religion, and in his philosophy an Epicurean. See G. Villani. l. vi. c. xlviii. and Mr. Matthias's Tiraboschi. v. i. p. 38. He fell in the battle with Charles of Anjou in 1265, alluded to in Canto XXVIII. of Hell, v. 13. "Dying excommunicated, King Charles did not allow of his being buried in sacred ground, but he was interred near the bridge of Benevento, and on his grave there was cast a stone by every one of the army, whence there was formed a great mound of stones. But some have said, that afterwards, by command of the Pope, the Bishop of Cosenza took up his body and sent it out of the kingdom, because it was the land of the church, and that it was buried by the river Verde, on the borders of the kingdom and of Campagna. This, however, we do not affirm." G. Villani. Hist. l. vii. c. 9.

v. 111. *Costanza.*] See Paradise. Canto III. v. 121.

v. 112. *My fair daughter.*] Costanza, the daughter of Manfredi, and wife of Peter III. King of Arragon, by whom she was mother to Frederick King of Sicily and James King of Arragon. With the latter of these she was at Rome 1296. See G. Villani. l. viii. c. 18. and Notes to Canto VII.

v. 122. *Clement.*] Pope Clement IV.

v. 127. *The stream of Verde.*] A river near Ascoli, that falls into the Tronto. The "extinguished lights" formed part of the ceremony at the interment of one excommunicated.

v. 130. *Hope.*]

Mentre che la speranza ha fior del verde.

So Tasso. G. L. c. xix. st. 53.

— infin che verde è fior di speme.

CANTO IV.

v. 1. *When.*] It must be owned the beginning of this Canto is somewhat obscure. Vellutello refers, for an elucidation of it, to the reasoning of Statius in the twenty-fifth Canto. Perhaps some illustration may be derived from the following passage in South's Sermons, in which I have ventured to supply the words between crotchets that seemed to be wanting to complete the sense. "Now whether these three, judgment, memory, and invention, are three distinct things, both in Being distinguished from one another, and likewise from the substance of the soul itself, considered without any such faculties; [or whether the soul be one individual substance] but only receiving these several denominations from the several respects arising from the several actions exerted immediately by itself upon several objects, or several qualities of the same object; I say whether of these it is, is not easy to decide, and it is well that it is not necessary. Aquinas, and most with him, affirm the former, and Scotus with his followers the latter." Vol. iv. Serm. 1.

v. 23. *Sanleo.*] A fortress on the summit of Montefeltro.

v. 24. *Noli.*] In the Genoese territory, between Finale and Savona.

v. 25. *Bismantua.*] A steep mountain in the territory of Reggio.

v. 55. *From the left.*] Vellutello observes an imitation of Lucan in this passage.

Ignotum vobis, Arabes, venistis in orbem,
Umbras mirati nemorum non ire sinistras.

Phars. l. iii. 248.

v. 69. *Thou wilt see.*] "If you consider that this mountain of Purgatory and that of Sion are antipodal to each other, you will perceive that the sun must rise on opposite sides of the respective eminences."

v. 119. *Belacqua.*] Concerning this man, the commentators afford no information.

CANTO V.

v. 14. *Be as a tower.*] Sta come torre ferma,
So Berni. Orl. Inn. l. 1. c. xvi. st. 48.

In quei due piedi sta fermo il gigante
Com' una torre in mezzo d'un castello.

And Milton. P. L. b. i. 591.

Stood like a tower.

v. 36. *Ne'er saw I fiery vapours.*] Imitated by
Tasso. G. L. c. xix. st. 62.

Tal suol fendendo liquido sereno
Stella cader della gran madre in seno.

And by Milton. P. L. b. iv. 558.

Swift as a shooting star

In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
Impress the air.

v. 67. *That land.*] The Marca d'Ancona, between Romagna and Apulia the kingdom of Charles of Anjou.

v. 73. *From thence I came.*] Giacopo del Cas-
zero, a citizen of Fano, who having spoken ill of
Azzo da Este, Marquis of Ferrara, was by his orders
put to death. Giacopo was overtaken by the assas-

ains at Oriaco, a place near the Brenta, from whence if he had fled towards Mira, higher up on that river, instead of making for the marsh on the sea-shore, he might have escaped.

v. 75. *Antenor's land.*] The city of Padua, said to be founded by Antenor.

v. 87. *Of Montefeltro I.*] Buonconte (son of Guido da Montefeltro, whom we have had in the twenty-seventh Canto of Hell) fell in the battle of Campaldino (1289,) fighting on the side of the Aretini.

v. 88. *Giovanna.*] Either the wife or kinswoman of Buonconte.

v. 94. *The hermit's seat.*] The hermitage of Camaldoli.

v. 95. *Where it's name is cancel'd.*] That is between Bibbiena and Poppi, where the Archiano falls into the Arno.

v. 115. *From Pratomagno to the mountain range.*] From Pratomagno, now called Prato Vecchio (which divides the Valdarno from Casentino) as far as to the Apennine.

v. 131. *Pia.*] She is said to have been a Siennese lady, of the family of Tolommei, secretly made away with by her husband Nello della Pietra, of the same city, in Maremma, where he had some possessions.

CANTO VI.

v. 14. *Of Arezzo him.*] Benincasa of Arezzo, eminent for his skill in jurisprudence, who having condemned to death Tarrino da Turrita, brother of Ghino di Tacco, for his robberies in Maremma, was mur-

dered by Ghino, in an apartment of his own house, in the presence of many witnesses. Ghino was not only suffered to escape in safety, but (as the commentators inform us) obtained so high a reputation by the liberality, with which he was accustomed to dispense the fruits of his plunder, and treated those who fell into his hands with so much courtesy, that he was afterwards invited to Rome, and knighted by Boniface VIII. A story is told of him by Boccacio, G. x. N. 2.

v. 15. *Him beside.*] Ciacco de' Tarlati of Arezzo. He is said to have been carried by his horse into the Arno, and there drowned, while he was in pursuit of certain of his enemies.

v. 17. *Frederic Novello.*] Son of the Conte Guido da Battifolle, and slain by one of the family of Bostoli.

v. 18. *Of Pisa he.*] Farinata de' Scornigiani of Pisa. His father Marzucco, who had entered the order of the Frati Minori, so entirely overcame the feelings of resentment, that he even kissed the hands of the slayer of his son, and, as he was following the funeral, exhorted his kinsmen to reconciliation.

v. 20. *Count Orso.*] Son of Napoleone da Corbaja, slain by Alberto da Mangona, his uncle.

v. 23. *Peter de la Brosse.*] Secretary of Philip III. of France. The courtiers, envying the high place which he held in the king's favour, prevailed on Mary of Brabant to charge him falsely with an attempt upon her person; for which supposed crime he suffered death.

So say the Italian commentators. Henault represents the matter very differently: "Pierre de la Brosse, formerly barber to St. Louis, afterwards the favourite of Philip, fearing the too great attachment of the king for his wife Mary, accuses this

princess of having poisoned Louis, eldest son of Philip, by his first marriage. This calumny is discovered by a nun of Nivelles in Flanders. La Brosse is hung." *Abregé Chron.* 1275, &c.

v. 30. *In thy text.*] He refers to Virgil. *Æn.* l. vi. 376.

Desine fata deum flecti sperare precando.

v. 37. *The sacred height
Of judgment.*]

So Shakspeare. *Measure for Measure*, a. ii. s. 2.
If he, which is the top of judgment.

v. 66. *Eying us as a lion on his watch.*]

A guisa di Leon quando si posa.

A line taken by Tasso. *G. L. c. x. st. 56.*

v. 75. *Sordello.*] The history of Sordello's life is wrapt in the obscurity of romance. That he distinguished himself by his skill in Provençal poetry is certain. It is probable that he was born towards the end of the twelfth, and died about the middle of the succeeding century. Tiraboschi has taken much pains to sift all the notices he could collect relating to him. Honourable mention of his name is made by our Poet in the *Treatise de Vulg. Eloq.* l. i. c. 15.

v. 76. *Thou inn of grief.*]

Thou most beauteous inn

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee?

Shakspeare, Richard II. a. 5. s. 1.

v. 89. *Justinian's hand.*] "What avails it that Justinian delivered thee from the Goths and reformed thy laws, if thou art no longer under the control of his successors in the empire?"

v. 94. *That which God commands.*] He alludes to the precept—"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

v. 98. *O German Albert.*] The Emperor Albert I. succeeded Adolphus in 1298, and was murdered in 1308. See Par. Canto XIX. 114.

v. 103. *Thy successor.*] The successor of Albert was Henry of Luxemburgh, by whose interposition in the affairs of Italy, our Poet hoped to have been reinstated in his native city.

v. 104. *Thy sire.*] The Emperor Rodolph, too intent on increasing his power in Germany, to give much of his thoughts to Italy, "the garden of the empire."

v. 107. *Cupulets and Montagues.*] Our ears are so familiarized to the names of these rival families in the language of Shakspeare, that I have used them instead of the "Montecchi" and "Cappelletti."

v. 108. *Philippeschi and Monaldi.*] Two other rival families in Orvieto.

v. 113. *What safety Santafiore can supply.*] A place between Pisa and Sienna. What he alludes to is so doubtful, that it is not certain whether we should not read "come si cura"—"How Santafiore is governed." Perhaps the event related in the note to v. 58, Canto XI. may be pointed at.

v. 127. *Marcellus.*] Un Marcel diventa

Ogni villan che parteggiando viene.

Repeated by Alamanni in his *Coltivazione*, l. i.

v. 151. *A sick wretch.*] Imitated by the Cardinal de Polignac in his *Anti-Lucretius*. l. i. 1052.

Ceu lectum peragrat membris languentibus æger,
In latus alterne lævum dextrumque recumbens:

Nec juvat: inde oculos tollit resupinus in altum :
 Nusquam inventa quies; semper quæsita: quod illi
 Primum in deliciis fuerat, mox torquet et angit :
 Nec morbum sanat, nec fallit tædia morbi,

CANTO VII.

v. 14. *Where one of mean estate might clasp his lord.*] So Ariosto, *Orl. F. c. xxiv. st. 19.*

E l'abbracciato, ove il maggior s'abbraccia,
 Col capo nudo e col ginocchio chino.

v. 31. *The three holy virtues.*] Faith, Hope, and Charity.

v. 32. *The rest.*] Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance.

v. 72. *Fresh emeralds.*]

Under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with
 stone
 Of costliest emblem.

Milton. P. L. b. iv. 703.

Compare Ariosto, *Orl. F. c. xxxiv. st. 49.*

v. 79 *Salve Regina.*] The beginning of a prayer to the Virgin. It is sufficient here to observe, that in similar instances I shall either preserve the original Latin words or translate them, as it may seem best to suit the purpose of the verse.

v. 91. *The Emperor Rodolph.*] See the last Canto, v. 104. He died in 1291.

v. 95. *That country.*] Bohemia.

v. 97. *Ottocar.*] King of Bohemia, was killed in the battle of Marchfield, fought with Rodolph, August 26, 1278. Wincelau II. his son, who succeeded him in the kingdom of Bohemia, died in 1305. He is again taxed with luxury in the Paradise, Canto XIX. 123.

v. 101. *That one with the nose deprest.*] Philip III. of France, who died in 1285, at Perpignan, in his retreat from Arragon.

v. 102. *Him of gentle look.*] Henry of Navarre, father of Jane married to Philip IV. of France, whom Dante calls "*mal di Francia*"—"Gallia's bane."

v. 110. *He so robust of limb.*] Peter III. called the Great, King of Arragon, who died in 1285, leaving four sons, Alonzo, James, Frederick, and Peter. The two former succeeded him in the kingdom of Arragon, and Frederick in that of Sicily. See G. Villani. l. vii. c. 102. and Mariana. l. xiv. c. 9.

He is enumerated among the Provençal poets by Millot. Hist. Litt. des Troubadours. t. iii. p. 150.

v. 111. *Him of feature prominent.*] "*Dal maschio naso*"—"with the masculine nose." Charles I, King of Naples, Count of Anjou, and brother of St. Louis. He died in 1284.

The annalist of Florence remarks, that "there had been no sovereign of the house of France since the time of Charlemagne, by whom Charles was surpassed either in military renown and prowess, or in the loftiness of his understanding." G. Villani, l. vii. c. 94. We shall however find many of his actions severely reprobated in the twentieth Canto.

v. 113. *That stripling.*] Either (as the old commentators suppose) Alonzo III. King of Arragon, the eldest son of Peter III. who died in 1291, at the age of 27; or, according to Venturi, Peter the

youngest son. The former was a young prince of virtue sufficient to have justified the eulogium and the hopes of Dante. See Mariana. l. xiv. c. 14.

v. 119. *Rarely.*]

Full well can the wise poet of Florence,
That hight Dante, spoken in this sentence ;
Lo ! in such manner rime is Dante's tale.
Full selde upriseth by his branches smale
Prowesse of man, for God of his goodnesse
Woll that we claim of him our gentlenesse :
For of our elders may we nothing claime
But temporal thing, that men may hurt and
maime.

Chaucer. Wife of Bathe's Tale.

Compare Homer. Od. b. ii. v. 276. Pindar. Nem. xi. 48. and Euripides. Electra. 369.

v. 122. *To Charles.*] "Al Nasuto."—"Charles II. King of Naples, is no less inferior to his father Charles I. than James and Frederick to their's Peter III."

v. 127. *Costanza.*] Widow of Peter III. She has been already mentioned in the third Canto, v. 112. By Beatrice and Margaret are probably meant two of the daughters of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence; the former married to St. Louis of France, the latter to his brother Charles of Anjou. See Paradise. Canto VI. 135. Dante therefore considers Peter as the most illustrious of the three monarchs.

v. 129. *Harry of England.*] Henry III.

v. 130. *Better issue.*] Edward I. of whose glory our Poet was perhaps a witness, in his visit to England.

v. 133. *William, that brave Marquis.*] William Marquis of Monferrat, was treacherously seized by

his own subjects, at Alessandria in Lombardy, A.D. 1290, and ended his life in prison. See G. Villani. l. vii. c. 135. A war ensued between the people of Alessandria and those of Monferrat and the Canavese.

CANTO VIII.

v. 6. *That seems to mourn for the expiring day.*]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

Gray's Elegy.

v. 13. *Te Lucis Ante.*] The beginning of one of the evening hymns.

v. 36. *As faculty.*]

My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd

As with an object, that excels the sense,
Dazzled and spent.

Milton. P. L. b. viii. 457.

v. 53. *Nino, thou courteous judge.*] Nino di Gallura de' Visconti, nephew to Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi, and betrayed by him. See Notes to Hell, Canto XXXIII.

v. 65. *Conrad.*] Cutrado Malaspina.

v. 71. *My Giovanna.*] The daughter of Nino, and wife of Riccardo da Cammino of Trevigi.

v. 73. *Her mother.*] Beatrice, marchioness of Este, wife of Nino, and after his death married to Galeazzo de' Visconti of Milan.

v. 74. *The white and wimpled folds.*] The weeds of widowhood.

v. 80. *The viper.*] The arms of Galeazzo and the ensign of the Milanese.

v. 81. *Skrill Gallura's bird.*] The cock was the ensign of Gallura, Nino's province in Sardinia. Hell, Canto XXII. 80. and Notes.

v. 115. *Valdimagra.*] See Hell, Canto XXIV. 144. and Notes.

v. 133. *Sev'n times the tired sun.*] "The sun shall not enter into the constellation of Aries seven times more, before thou shalt have still better cause for the good opinion thou expressest of Valdimagra, in the kind reception thou shalt there meet with." Dante was hospitably received by the Marchese Marcello Malaspina, during his banishment, A.D. 1307.

CANTO IX.

v. 1. *Now the fair consort of Tithonus old.*]

La concubina di Titone antico.

So Tassoni. *Secchia Rapita*. c. viii. st. 15.

La puttarella del canuto amante.

v. 5. *Of that chill animal.*] The scorpion.

v. 14. *Our minds.*] Compare Hell, Canto XXVI. 7.

v. 18. *A golden-feathered eagle.*] So Chaucer, in the House of Fame, at the conclusion of the first book and beginning of the second, represents himself carried up by the "grim paws" of a golden eagle. Much of his description is closely imitated from Dante.

v. 50. *Lucia.*] The enlightening grace of heaven. Hell, Canto II. 97.

v. 85. *The lowest stair.*] By the white step is meant the distinctness with which the conscience of

the penitent reflects his offences; by the burnt and cracked one, his contrition on their account; and by that of porphyry, the fervour with which he resolves on the future pursuit of piety and virtue. Hence, no doubt, Milton describing "the gate of heaven," P. L. b. iii. 516.

Each stair mysteriously was meant.

v. 100. *Seven times.*] Seven P's, to denote the seven sins (Peccata) of which he was to be cleansed in his passage through Purgatory.

v. 115. *One is more precious.*] The golden key denotes the divine authority by which the priest absolves the sinners: the silver expresses the learning and judgment requisite for the due discharge of that office.

v. 127. *Harsh was the grating.*]

On a sudden open fly

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder. *Milton. P. L. b. ii. 882.*

v. 128. *The Tarpeian.*]

Protinus, abducto patuerunt templa Metello.
Tunc rupes Tarpeia sonat: magnoque reclusas
Testatur stridore fores: tunc conditus imo
Eruitur templo multis intactus ab annis
Romani census populi, &c.

Lucan. Ph. l. iii. 157.

CANTO X.

v. 6. *That wound.*] Venturi justly observes, that the Padre d'Aquino has misrepresented the sense of this passage in his translation.

—dabat ascensum tendentibus ultra
Scissa tremensquæ silex, tenuique erratica
motu.

The verb "muover" is used in the same signification in the Inferno, Canto XVIII. 21.

Così da imo della roccia scogli
Movèn.

—from the rock's low base

Thus flinty paths advanc'd.

In neither place is actual motion intended to be expressed.

v. 52. *That from unbidden office uses mankind.*] See 2 Sam. c. vi. 6, 7.

v. 58. *Preceding.*] Ibid. 14, &c.

v. 68. *Gregory.*] St. Gregory's prayers are said to have delivered Trajan from hell. See Paradise, Canto XX. 40.

v. 69. *Trajan th' Emperor.*] For this story, Landino refers to two writers, whom he calls "Helinando," of France, by whom he means Elinand, a monk and chronicler, in the reign of Philip Augustus, and "Polycrato," of England, concerning whom I know nothing. The original appears to be in Dio Cassius, where it is told of the Emperor Hadrian, lib. lxxix. ἀμέλα γυναικὶς, κ. τ. λ. "when a woman appeared to him with a suit, as he was on a journey, at first he answered her, 'I have no leisure;' but she crying out to him, 'then reign no longer,' he turned about, and heard her cause."

v. 119. *As to support.*] Chillingworth. ch. vi. § 54. speaks of "those crouching anticks, which seem in great buildings to labour under the weight they bear." And Lord Shaftesbury has a similar illustration in his *Essay on Wit and Humour*, p. 4. s. 3.

CANTO XI.

v. 1. *O thou Almighty Father.*] The first four lines are borrowed by Pulci. Morg. Magg. c. vi.

Dante, in his 'Credo,' has again versified the Lord's prayer.

v. 58. *I was of Latium.*] Omberto, the son of Guglielmo Aldobrandesco, Count of Santafore, in the territory of Sienna. His arrogance provoked his countrymen to such a pitch of fury against him, that he was murdered by them at Campagnatico.

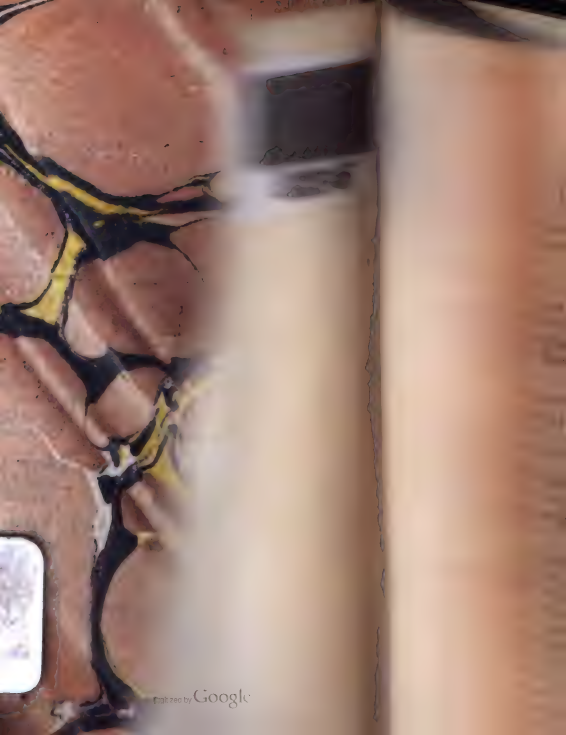
v. 79. *Oderigi.*] The illuminator, or miniature painter, a friend of Giotto and Dante.

v. 83. *Bolognian Franco.*] Franco of Bologna, who is said to have been a pupil of Oderigi's.

v. 93. *Cimabue.*] Giovanni Cimabue, the restorer of painting, was born at Florence, of a noble family, in 1240, and died in 1300. The passage in the text is an allusion to his epitaph.

Credidit ut Cimabos picturæ castra tenere,
Sic tenuit vivens: nunc tenet astra poli.

v. 95. *The cry is Giotto's.*] In Giotto we have a proof at how early a period the fine arts were encouraged in Italy. His talents were discovered by Cimabue, while he was tending sheep for his father in the neighbourhood of Florence, and he was after-



Thymbræus
g. iv. 323.

grace,
raven,
an plain,

The Pro-

18.
5. and Ho-

37.

the style.]

wn.
g. iii. 509.

sch of San
t that over-
the bridge
aconte da
Florence,
7. See G.

said ironi-

certain in-
ct to the
ast, Canto

wards patronized by Pope Benedict XI. and Robert King of Naples, and enjoyed the society and friendship of Dante, whose likeness he has transmitted to posterity. He died in 1336, at the age of 60.

v. 96. *One Guido from the other.*] Guido Cavalcanti, the friend of our Poet, (see Hell, Canto X. 59.) had eclipsed the literary fame of Guido Guinicelli, of a noble family in Bologna, whom we shall meet with in the twenty-sixth Canto, and of whom frequent mention is made by our Poet in his *Treatise de Vulg. Eloq.* Guinicelli died in 1276. Many of Cavalcanti's writings, hitherto in M.S. are now publishing at Florence. *Esprit des Journaux*, Jan. 1813.

v. 97. *He perhaps is born.*] Some imagine, with much probability, that Dante here augurs the greatness of his own poetical reputation. Others have fancied that he prophesies the glory of Petrarch. But Petrarch was not yet born.

v. 136. *A suitor.*] Provenzano Salvani humbled himself so far for the sake of one of his friends, who was detained in captivity by Charles I. of Sicily, as personally to supplicate the people of Sienna to contribute the sum required by the king for his ransom: and this act of self-abasement atoned for his general ambition and pride.

v. 140. *Thy neighbours soon.*] "Thou wilt know in the time of thy banishment, which is near at hand, what it is to solicit favours of others, and 'tremble through every vein,' lest they should be refused thee."

CANTO XII.

- v. 26. *The Thymbræan god.*] Apollo.
 Si modo, quem perhibes, pater est Thymbræus
 Apollo. *Virg. Georg. iv. 323.*
- v. 27. *Mars.*] With such a grace,
 The giants that attempted to scale heaven,
 When they lay dead on the Phlegræan plain,
 Mars did appear to Jove.
*Beaumont and Fletcher. The Pro-
 phetess. a. 2. s. 3.*
- v. 42. *O Rehoboam.*] 1 Kings, c. xii. 18.
- v. 46. *Alcmæon.*] *Virg. Æn. l. vi. 445;* and Ho-
 mer. *Od. xi. 325.*
- v. 48. *Sennacherib.*] 2 Kings, c. xix. 37.
- v. 58. *What master of the pencil or the style.*
 —inimitable on earth
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
Milton. P. L. b. iii. 509.
- v. 94. *The chapel stands.*] The church of San
 Miniato in Florence, situated on a height that over-
 looks the Arno, where it is crossed by the bridge
 Rubaconte, so called from Messer Rubaconte da
 Mandella, of Milan, chief magistrate of Florence,
 by whom the bridge was founded in 1237. See G.
 Villani. l. vi. c. 27.
- v. 96. *The well-guided city.*] This is said ironi-
 cally of Florence.
- v. 99. *The registry.*] In allusion to certain in-
 stances of fraud committed with respect to the
 public accounts and measures. See *Paradise*, Canto
 XVI. 103.

CANTO XIII.

v. 26. *They have no wine.*] John. ii. 3. These words of the Virgin are referred to as an instance of charity.

v. 29. *Orestes.*] Alluding to his friendship with Pylades.

v. 32. *Love ye those have wrong'd you.*] Matt. c. v. 44.

v. 33. *The scourge.*] "The chastisement of envy consists in hearing examples of the opposite virtue charity. As a curb and restraint on this vice, you will presently hear very different sounds, those of threatening and punishment."

v. 87. *Citizens*

Of one true city.]

"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." Heb. c. xiii. 14.

v. 101. *Sapia.*] A lady of Sienna, who living in exile at Colle, was so overjoyed at a defeat which her countrymen sustained near that place, that she declared nothing more was wanting to make her discontented.

v. 114. *The merlin.*] The story of the merlin is, that having been induced by a gleam of fine weather in the winter to escape from his master, he was soon oppressed by the rigour of the season.

v. 119. *The hermit Piero.*] Piero Pettinagno, a holy hermit of Florence.

v. 141. *That vain multitude.*] The Siennese. See Hell, Canto XXIX. 117. "Their acquisition of Telamone, a seaport on the confines of the Maremma, has led them to conceive hopes of becoming

a naval power: but this scheme will prove as chimerical as their former plan for the discovery of a subterraneous stream under their city." Why they gave the appellation of Diana to the imagined stream, Venturi says he leaves it to the antiquaries of Sienna to conjecture.

CANTO XIV.

v. 34. *Maim'd of Pelorus.*] Virg. *Æn.* l. iii. 414.
—a hill

Toru from Pelorus.

Milton. *P. L.* b. i. 232.

v. 45. *'Midst brute swine.*] The people of Casentino.

v. 49. *Curs.*] The Arno leaves Arezzo about four miles to the left.

v. 53. *Wolves.*] The Florentines.

v. 55. *Foxes.*] The Pisans.

v. 61. *Thy grandson.*] Fulcieri de' Calboli, grandson of Rinieri de' Calboli, who is here spoken to. The atrocities predicted came to pass in 1302. See G. Villani. l. viii. c. 59.

v. 95. *'Twixt Po, the mount, the Reno, and the shore.*] The boundaries of Romagna.

v. 99. *Lizio.*] Lizio da Valbona introduced into Boccaccio's Decameron. g. v. n. 4.

v. 100. *Manardi, Traversaro, and Carpigna.*] Arrigo Manardi of Faenza, or, as some say, of Brettinoro; Pier Traversaro, lord of Ravenna; and Guido di Carpigna of Montefeltro.

v. 102. *In Bologna the low artisan.*] One who had been a mechanic, named Lambertaccio, arrived at almost supreme power in Bologna.

v. 103. *Yon Bernardin.*] Bernardin di Fosco, a man of low origin, but great talents, who governed at Faenza.

v. 107. *Pruta.*] A place between Faenza and Ravenna.

v. 107. *Of Azzo him.*] Ugolino, of the Ubaldini family in Tuscany. He is recounted among the poets by Crescimbeni and Tiraboschi.

v. 108. *Tignoso.*] Federigo Tignoso of Rimini.

v. 109. *Traversaro's house and Anastagio's.*] Two noble families of Ravenna. She, to whom Dryden has given the name of Honoria, in the fable so admirably paraphrased from Boccaccio, was of the former: her lover and the spectre were of the Anastagi family.

v. 111. *The ladies, &c.*] These two lines express the true spirit of chivalry. "Agi" is understood, by the commentators whom I have consulted, to mean "the ease procured for others by the exertions of knight-errantry." But surely it signifies the alternation of ease with labour.

v. 114. *O Brettinoro.*] A beautifully situated castle in Romagna, the hospitable residence of Guido del Duca, who is here speaking.

v. 118. *Bagnacavallo.*] A castle between Imola and Ravenna.

v. 118. *Castracaro ill
And Conio worse.*] Both in Romagna.

v. 121. *Pagani.*] The Pagani were lords of Faenza and Imola. One of them, Machinardo, was named *the Demon*, from his treachery. See *Hell*, Canto XXVII. 47. and Note.

v. 124. *Hugolin.*] Ugolino Ubaldini, a noble and virtuous person in Faenza, who, on account of his age probably, was not likely to leave any offspring behind him. He is enumerated among the poets by Crescimbeni, and by Tiraboschi, Mr. Matthias's edit. vol. i. p. 143.

v. 136. *Whosoever finds
Will slay me.*]

The words of Cain, Gen. c. iv. 14.

v. 142. *Aglauros.*] Ovid. Met. l. ii. fab. 12.

v. 145. *There was the gulling bit.*] Referring to what had been before said, Canto XIII. 35.



CANTO XV.

v. 1. *As much.*] It wanted three hours of sunset.

v. 16. *As when the ray.*] Compare Virg. Æn. l. viii. 22. and Apoll. Rhod. l. iii. 755.

v. 19. *Ascending at a glance.*] Lucretius, l. iv. 215.

v. 20. *Differs from the stone.*] The motion of light being quicker than that of a stone through an equal space.

v. 38. *Blessed the merciful.*] Matt. c. v. 7.

v. 43. *Romagna's spirit.*] Guido del Duca, of Brettinoro, whom we have seen in the preceding Canto.

v. 87. *A dame.*] Luke, c. ii. 48.

v. 101. *How shall we those requite.*] The answer of Pisistratus the tyrant to his wife, when she urged him to inflict the punishment of death on a young

man, who, inflamed with love for his daughter, had snatched a kiss from her in public. The story is told by Valerius Maximus. l. v. 1.

v. 105. *A stripling youth.*] The protomartyr Stephen.

CANTO XVI.

v. 24. *As thou.*] "As if thou wert still living."

v. 46. *I was of Lombardy, and Marco call'd.*] A Venetian gentleman. "Lombardo," both was his surname and denoted the country to which he belonged. G. Villani. l. vii. c. 120. terms him "a wise and worthy courtier."

v. 58. *Elsewhere.*] He refers to what Guido del Duca had said in the fourteenth Canto, concerning the degeneracy of his countrymen.

v. 70. *If this were so.*] Mr. Crowe, in his Lewesdon Hill, has expressed similar sentiments with much energy.

Of this be sure,

Where freedom is not, there no virtue is, &c.

Compare Origen in Genesim. Patrum Græcorum. vol. xi. p. 14. Wirceburgi. 1783. 8vo.

v. 79. *To mightier force.*] "Though ye are subject to a higher power than that of the heavenly constellations, even to the power of the great Creator himself, yet ye are still left in the possession of liberty."

v. 88. *Like a babe that wantons sportively.*] This reminds one of the Emperor Hadrian's verses to his departing soul.

Animula vagula blandula, &c.

v. 99. *The fortress.*] Justice, the most necessary virtue in the chief magistrate, as the commentators explain it.

v. 103. *Who.*] He compares the Pope, on account of the union of the temporal with the spiritual power in his person, to an unclean beast in the levitical law. "The camel, because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof; he is unclean unto you." Levit. c. xi. 4.

v. 110. *Two suns.*] The Emperor and the Bishop of Rome.

v. 117. *That land.*] Lombardy.

v. 119. *Ere the day.*] Before the Emperor Frederick II. was defeated before Parma, in 1248. G. Villani. l. vi. c. 35.

v. 126. *The good Gherardo.*] Gherardo di Camino, of Trevigi. He is honourably mentioned in our Poet's "Convito." Opere di Dante. t. i. p. 173. Venez. 8vo. 1793. And Tiraboschi supposes him to have been the same Gherardo with whom the Provençal poets were used to meet a hospitable reception. See Mr. Matthias's edition, t. i. p. 137.

v. 127. *Conrad.*] Currado da Palazzo, a gentleman of Brescia.

v. 127. *Guido of Castello.*] Of Reggio. All the Italians were called Lombards by the French.

v. 144. *His daughter Gaia.*] A lady equally admired for her modesty, the beauty of her person, and the excellency of her talents. Gaia, says Tiraboschi, may perhaps lay claim to the praise of having been the first among the Italian ladies, by whom the vernacular poetry was cultivated. Ibid. p. 137.

CANTO XVII.

v. 21. *The bird, that most
Delights itself in song.]*

I cannot think with Vellutello, that the swallow is here meant. Dante probably alludes to the story of Philomela, as it is found in Homer's *Odyssey*, b. xix. 518. rather than as later poets have told it. "She intended to slay the son of her husband's brother Amphion, incited to it by the envy of his wife, who had six children, while herself had only two, but through mistake slew her own son Itylus, and for her punishment was transformed by Jupiter into a nightingale." Cowper's note on the passage.

In speaking of the nightingale, let me observe, that while some have considered its song as a melancholy, and others as a cheerful one, Chiabrera appears to have come nearest the truth, when he says, in the *Alcippo*. a. i. s. 1.

Non mai si stanca d' iterar le note,
O gioconde o dogliose,
Al sentir dilettose.

Unwearied still reiterates her lays,
Jocund or sad, delightful to the ear.

v. 26. *One crucified.]* Haman. See the book of Esther, c. vii.

v. 34. *A damsel.]* Lavinia, mourning for her mother Amata, who, impelled by grief and indignation for the supposed death of Turnus, destroyed herself. *Æn.* l. xii. 595.

v. 42. *The broken slumber quivering ere it dies.]* Venturi suggests that this bold and unusual metaphor may have been formed on that in Virgil :

Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus ægris
Incipit, et dono divum gratissima serpit.

Æn. l. ii. 268.

v. 68. *The peace-makers.*] Matt. c.v. 9.

v. 81. *The love.*] "A defect in our love towards God, or lukewarmness in piety, is here removed."

v. 94. *The primal blessings.*] Spiritual good.

v. 95. *Th' inferior.*] Temporal good.

v. 102. *Now.*] "It is impossible for any being either to hate itself or to hate the First Cause of all, by which it exists. We can therefore only rejoice in the evil which befalls others."

v. 111. *There is.*] The proud.

v. 114. *There is.*] The envious.

v. 117. *There is he.*] The resentful.

v. 135. *Along three circles.*] According to the allegorical commentators, as Venturi has observed, Reason is represented under the person of Virgil, and Sense under that of Dante. The former leaves to the latter to discover for itself the three carnal sins, avarice, gluttony, and libidinousness; having already declared the nature of the spiritual sins, pride, envy, anger, and indifference, or lukewarmness in piety, which the Italians call *accidia*, from the Greek word ἀκηδία.



CANTO XVIII.

v. 1. *The teacher ended.*] Compare Plato. Protagoras. v. iii. p. 123. Bip. edit. Πρωταγόρας μὲν σοφῆται, κ. τ. λ. Apoll. Rhod. l. i. 513, and Milton. P. L. b. viii. 1. The angel ended, &c.

v. 23. *Your apprehension.*] It is literally, "Your apprehensive faculty derives intension from a thing really existing, and displays that intension within you, so that it makes the soul turn to it." The commentators labour in explaining this; and whatever sense they have elicited, may, I think, be resolved into the words of the translation in the text.

v. 47. *Spirit.*] The human soul, which differs from that of brutes, inasmuch as though united with the body it has a separate existence of its own.

v. 65. *Those men.*] The great moral philosophers among the heathens.

v. 78. *A crag.*] I have preferred the reading of Landino, *scheggion*, "crag," conceiving it to be more poetical than *secchion*, "bucket," which is the common reading. The same cause, the vapours, which the commentators say might give the appearance of increased magnitude to the moon, might also make her seem broken at her rise.

v. 78. *Up the vault.*] The moon passed with a motion opposite to that of the heavens, through the constellation of the scorpion, in which the sun is, when to those who are in Rome he appears to set between the isles of Corsica and Sardinia.

v. 84. *Andes.*] Andes, now Pietola, made more famous than Mantua, near which it is situated, by having been the birth-place of Virgil.

v. 92. *Ismenus and Asopus.*] Rivers near Thebes.

v. 98. *Mary.*] Luke, c. i. 39, 40.

v. 99. *Cæsar.*] See Lucan. *Phars.* l. iii. and iv. and *Cæsar de Bello Civili.* l. i. Cæsar left Brutus to complete the siege of Marseilles, and hastened on to the attack of Afranius and Petreius, the generals of Pompey, at Ilerda (Lerida) in Spain.

v. 118. *Abbot.*] Alberto, abbot of San Zeno in Verona, when Frederick I. was emperor, by whom Milan was besieged and reduced to ashes, in 1162.

v. 121. *There is he.*] Alberto della Scala, lord of Verona, who had made his natural son abbot of San Zeno.

v. 133 *First they died*] The Israelites, who on account of their disobedience died before reaching the promised land.

v. 135. *And they.*] Virg. *Æn.* l. v.

CANTO XIX.

v. 1. *The hour.*] Near the dawn.

v. 4. *The geomancer.*] The geomancers, says Landino, when they divined, drew a figure consisting of sixteen marks, named from so many stars which constitute the end of Aquarius and the beginning of Pisces. One of these they called "the greater fortune."

v. 7. *A woman's shape.*] Worldly happiness. This allegory reminds us of the "Choice of Hercules."

v. 14. *Love's own hue.*]

A smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.

Milton. P. L. b. viii. 619.

—facies pulcherrima tunc est,
Quum porphyriaco variatur candida rubro.
Quid color hic roseus sibi vult? designat amorem:
Quippe amor est igni similis; flammisque rubentes
Ignis habere solet.

Palingenii Zodiacus Vita. l. xii.

- v. 26. *A dame.*] Philosophy.
 v. 49. *Who mourn.*] Matt c. v. 4.
 v. 72. *My soul.*] Psalm cxix. 25.
 v. 97. *The successor of Peter.*] Ottobuono, of the family of Fieschi, Counts of Lavagna, died thirty-nine days after he became Pope, with the title of Adrian V. in 1276.
 v. 98. *That stream.*] The river Lavagna, in the Genoese territory.
 v. 135. *Nor shall be giv'n in marriage.*] Matt. c. xxii. 30. "Since in this state we neither marry nor are given in marriage, I am no longer the spouse of the church, and therefore no longer retain my former dignity."
 v. 140. *A kinswoman.*] Alagia is said to have been the wife of the Marchese Marcello Malaspina, one of the poet's protectors during his exile. See Canto VIII. 133.



CANTO XX.

- v. 3. *I drew the sponge.*] "I did not persevere in my inquiries from the spirit, though still anxious to learn more."
 v. 11. *Wolf.*] Avarice.
 v. 16. *Of his appearing.*] He is thought to allude to Can Grande della Scala. See Hell, Canto I. 98.
 v. 25. *Fabricius.*] Compare Petrarch. Tr. della Fama. c. 1.
 Un Curio ed un Fabrizio, &c.

- v. 30. *Nicholas.*] The story of Nicholas is, that an angel having revealed to him that the father of

a family was so impoverished as to resolve on exposing the chastity of his three daughters to sale, he threw in at the window of their house three bags of money, containing a sufficient portion for each of them.

v. 42. *Root.*] Hugh Capet, ancestor of Philip IV.

v. 46. *Had Ghent and Douay, Lille and Bruges power.*] These cities had lately been seized by Philip IV. The spirit is made to intimate the approaching defeat of the French army by the Flemings, in the battle of Courtrai, which happened in 1302.

v. 51. *The slaughterer's trade.*] This reflection on the birth of his ancestor, induced Francis I. to forbid the reading of Dante in his dominions. Hugh Capet, who came to the throne of France in 987, was however the grandson of Robert, who was the brother of Eudes, King of France in 888.

v. 52. *All save one.*] The posterity of Charlemagne, the second race of French monarchs, had failed, with the exception of Charles of Lorraine, who is said, on account of the melancholy temper of his mind, to have always clothed himself in black. Vauturi suggests that Dante may have confounded him with Childeric III. the last of the Merovingian, or first race, who was deposed and made a monk in 751.

v. 57. *My son.*] Hugh Capet caused his son Robert to be crowned at Orleans.

v. 59. *The great dower of Provence.*] Louis IX. and his brother Charles of Anjou, married two of the four daughters of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence. See Par. Canto VI. 135.

v. 63. *For amends.*] This is ironical.

v. 64. *Poitou it seiz'd, Navarre and Gascony.*] I venture to read—

Pottl e Navarra presc e Guascogna,
instead of

Ponti e Normandia prese e Guascogna.

Seiz'd Ponthieu, Normandy and Gascony.

Landino has "Pottl," and he is probably right: for Poitou was annexed to the French crown by Philip IV. See Henault. *Abregé Chron.* A.D. 1283, &c. Normandy had been united to it long before by Philip Augustus, a circumstance of which it is difficult to imagine that Dante should have been ignorant; but Philip IV. says Henault, *ibid.* took the title of King of Navarre: and the subjugation of Navarre is also alluded to in the *Paradise*, Canto XIX. 140. In 1293, Philip IV. summoned Edward I. to do him homage for the duchy of Gascony, which he had conceived the design of seizing. See G. Villani. l. viii. c. 4.

v. 66. *Young Conradine.*] Charles of Anjou put Conradino to death in 1268, and became King of Naples. See Hell, Canto XXVIII. 16. and Note.

v. 67. *Th' angelic teacher.*] Thomas Aquinas. He was reported to have been poisoned by a physician, who wished to ingratiate himself with Charles of Anjou. G. Villani. l. ix. c. 218. We shall find him in the *Paradise*, Canto X.

v. 69. *Another Charles.*] Charles of Valois, brother of Philip IV. was sent by Pope Boniface VIII. to settle the disturbed state of Florence. In consequence of the measures he adopted for that purpose, our poet and his friends were condemned to exile and death.

v. 71.

—*with that lance**Which the arch-traitor tilted with.]*—*con la lancia**Con la qual giostrò Giuda.*

If I remember right, in one of the old romances, Judas is represented tilting with our Saviour.

v. 78. *The other.]* Charles, King of Naples, the eldest son of Charles of Anjou, having, contrary to the directions of his father, engaged with Ruggier de Lauria, the admiral of Peter of Arragon, was made prisoner, and carried into Sicily, June, 1284. He afterwards, in consideration of a large sum of money, married his daughter to Asso VIII. Marquis of Ferrara.

v. 85. *The flower-de-luce.]* Boniface VIII. was seized at Alagna in Campania, by the order of Philip IV. in the year 1303, and soon after died of grief. G. Villani. l. viii. c. 63.

v. 94. *Into the temple.]* It is uncertain whether our Poet alludes still to the event mentioned in the preceding Note, or to the destruction of the order of the Templars in 1310; but the latter appears more probable.

v. 103. *Pugmalion.]* Virg. *Æn.* l. i. 346.

v. 107. *Achan]* Joshua, c. vi.

v. 111. *Heliodorus.]* 2 Maccabees, c. iii. 25.

"For there appeared unto them an horse, with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely and smote at Heliodorus with his fore feet."

v. 112. *Thracia's king.]* Polymnestor, the murderer of Polydorus. Hell, Canto XXX. 19.

v. 114. *Crassus.]* Marcus Crassus, who fell miserably in the Parthian war. See Appian. Parthica.

CANTO XXI.

v. 25. *She.*] Lachesis, one of the three fates.

v. 43. —*that, which heaven in itself
Doth of itself receive.*]

Venturi, I think, rightly interprets this to be light.

v. 49. *Thaumantium.*] *Figlia di Taumante.*

Θαυμαντος, Στυγινης. *Hesiod. Theog. 789.*

Compare Plato. *Theæt.* v. ii. p. 76. Bip. edit. Virg. *Æn.* ix. 5. and Spenser, *Fairy Queen.* b. v. c. 3. st. 25.

v. 85. *The name.*] The name of Poet.

v. 89. *From Tolosa.*] Dante, as many others have done, confounds Statius the poet, who was a Neapolitan, with a rhetorician of the same name, who was of Tolosa, or Thoulouse. Thus Chaucer, *Temple of Fame.* b. iii.

The Tholason that height Stace,

v. 94. *Fell.*] Statius lived to write only a small part of the *Achilleid*.

CANTO XXII.

v. 5. *Blessed.*] Matt. v. 6.

v. 14. *Aquinum's bard.*] Juvenal had celebrated his contemporary, Statius, *Sat.* vii. 82; though some critics imagine that there is a secret derision veiled under his praise.

- v. 28. *Why.*] *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?*

Virg. Æn. l. iii. 57.

Venturi supposes, that Dante might have mistaken the meaning of the word *sacra*, and construed it "holy," instead of "cursed." But I see no necessity for having recourse to so improbable a conjecture.

- v. 41. *The fierce encounter.*] See Hell, Canto VII. 26.

v. 46. *With shorn locks.*] *Ibid.* 58.

- v. 57. *The twin sorrow of Jocasta's womb.*] Eteocles and Polynices.

v. 71. *A renovated world.*] *Virg. Ecl.* iv. 5.

v. 100. *That Greek.*] Homer.

- v. 107. *Of thy train.*] "Of those celebrated in thy Poem."

v. 112. *Tiresias' daughter.*] Dante appears to have forgotten that he had placed Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, among the sorcerers. See Hell, Canto XX. Vellutelli endeavours, rather awkwardly, to reconcile the inconsistency, by observing, that although she was placed there as a sinner, yet as one of famous memory, she had also a place among the worthies in Limbo.

Lombardi excuses our author better, by observing that Tiresias had a daughter named Daphne. See Diodorus Siculus. l. iv. § 66.

- v. 139. *Mary took more thought.*] "The blessed virgin, who answers for you now in heaven, when she said to Jesus, at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, 'they have no wine,' regarded not the gratification of her own taste, but the honour of the nuptial banquet."

- v. 142. *The women of old Rome.*] See Valerius Maximus. l. ii. c. 1.

CANTO XXIII.

v. 9. *My lips.*] Psalm li. 15.
v. 20. *The eyes.*] Compare Ovid, *Metam.* l. viii. 301.

v. 26. *When Mary.*] Josephus, *De Bello Jud.* l. vii. c. xxi. p. 954. Ed. Genev. fol. 1611. The shocking story is well told.

v. 27. *Rings.*] In this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost.

Lear. a. 5. s. 3.

v. 28. *Who reads the name.*] "He, who pretends to distinguish the letters which form OMO in the features of the human face, might easily have traced out the M on their emaciated countenances." The temples, nose, and forehead are supposed to represent this letter; and the eyes the two O's placed within each side of it.

v. 44. *Forese.*] One of the brothers of Piccarda, she who is again spoken of in the next Canto, and introduced in the *Paradise*, Canto lli.

v. 72. *If the power.*] "If thou didst delay thy repentance to the last, when thou hadst lost the power of sinning, how happens it thou art arrived here so early?"

v. 76. *Lower.*] In the Ante-Purgatory. See Canto II.

v. 80. *My Nella.*] The wife of Forese.

v. 87. *The tract most barb'rous of Sardinia's isle.*] The *Barbagia* is a part of Sardinia, to which that name was given, on account of the un-

civilized state of its inhabitants, who are said to have gone nearly naked.

v. 95. *The unblushing dames of Florence.*] Landino's note exhibits a curious instance of the changeableness of his countrywomen. He even goes beyond the acrimony of the original. "In those days," says that commentator, "no less than in our's, the Florentine ladies exposed the neck and bosom, a dress, no doubt, more suitable to a harlot than a matron. But, as they changed soon after, insomuch that they wore collars up to the chin, covering the whole of the neck and throat, so have I hopes they will change again; not indeed so much from motives of decency as through that fickleness, which pervades every action of their lives."

v. 97. *Saracens.*] "This word, during the middle ages, was indiscriminately applied to Pagans and Mahometans; in short, to all nations (except the Jews) who did not profess christianity." Mr. Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*. vol. i. page 196. (a note) Lond. 8vo. 1805.

CANTO XXIV.

v. 20. *Buonagiunta.*] Buonaggiunta Urbiciani, of Lucca. "There is a canzone by this poet, printed in the collection made by the Giunti, (p. 209.) and a sonnet to Guido Guinicelli in that made by Corbinelli (p. 169.) from which we collect that he lived not about 1230, as Quadrio supposes, (t. ii. p. 159.) but towards the end of the thirteenth century. Concerning other poems by Buonaggiunta, that are preserved in MS. in some libraries, Crescim.

may be consulted." Tiraboschi. Mr. Matthias's ed., v. i. p. 115.

v. 23. *He was of Tours.*] Simon of Tours became Pope with the title of Martin IV. in 1281, and died in 1285.

v. 29. *Ubalдино.*] Ubaldino degli Ubaldini, of Pila, in the Florentine territory.

v. 30. *Boniface.*] Archbishop of Ravenna. By Venturi he is called Bonifazio de' Fieschi, a Genoese; by Vellutelli; the son of the above-mentioned Ubaldini; and by Landino, Francioso, a Frenchman.

v. 32. *The Marquis.*] The Marchese de' Rigoniosi, of Forli.

v. 38. *Gentucca.*] Of this lady it is thought that our Poet became enamoured during his exile.

v. 45. *Whose brow no wimple shades yet.*] "Who has not yet assumed the dress of a woman."

v. 46. *Blame it as they may.*] See Hell, Canto XXI. 39.

v. 51. *Ladies, ye that con the lore of love.*]

Donus ch' avete intelletto d'amore.

The first verse of a canzone in our author's Vita Nuova.

v. 56. *The Notary.*] Jacopo da Lentino, called the Notary, a poet of these times. He was probably an Apulian: for Dante (De Vulg. Eloq. l. i. c. 12.) quoting a verse which belongs to a canzone of his, published by the Giunti, without mentioning the writer's name, terms him one of "the illustrious Apulians," *præfulgentes Apuli*. See Tiraboschi. Mr. Matthias's edit. vol. i. p. 137. Crescimbeni (l. i. Della Volg. Poes. p. 72, 4to ed. 1698) gives an extract from one of his poems, printed in Alacci's Collection, to show that the whimsical com-

positions called "*Ariette*," are not of modern invention.

v. 56. *Guittone*.] Fra Guittone, of Arezzo, holds a distinguished place in Italian literature, as, besides his poems printed in the Collection of the Giunti, he has left a collection of letters, forty in number, which afford the earliest specimen of that kind of writing in the language. They were published at Rome in 1743, with learned illustrations by Giovanni Bottari. He was also the first who gave to the sonnet its regular and legitimate form, a species of composition in which not only his own countrymen, but many of the best poets in all the cultivated languages of modern Europe, have since so much delighted.

Guittone, a native of Arezzo, was the son of Viva di Michele. He was of the order of the "*Frati Godenti*," of which an account may be seen in the Notes to Hell, Canto XXIII. In the year 1293 he founded a monastery of the order of Camaldoli, in Florence, and died in the following year. Tiraboschi. *Ibid.* p. 119. Dante, in the Treatise de Vulg. Eloq. l. i. c. 13. and l. ii. c. 6. blames him for preferring the plebeian to the more courtly style; and Petrarch twice places him in the company of our Poet. Triumph of Love. cap. iv. and Son. Par. Sec. "*Sennuccio mio*."

v. 63. *The birds*.] Hell, Canto V. 46. Euripides. *Helena*. 1495. and Statius. *Thob.* l. v. 12.

v. 81. *He*.] Corso Donati was suspected of aiming at the sovereignty of Florence. To escape the fury of his fellow-citizens, he fled away on horseback, but falling, was overtaken and slain, A.D. 1308. The contemporary annalist, after relating at length the circumstances of his fate, adds, "that he was one of the wisest and most valorous knights,

the best speaker, the most expert statesman, the most renowned and enterprising man of his age in Italy, a comely knight and of graceful carriage, but very worldly, and in his time had formed many conspiracies in Florence, and entered into many scandalous practices for the sake of attaining state and lordship." G. Villani. l. viii. c. 96. The character of Corso is forcibly drawn by another of his contemporaries, Dino Compagni. l. iiii. Muratori *Rer. Ital. Script.* t. ix. p. 523.

v. 120. *Creatures of the clouds.*] The Centaurs. Ovid. *Met.* l. xii. fab. 4.

v. 123. *The Hebrews.*] Judges, c. vii.

CANTO XXV.

v. 58. *As sea-sponge.*] The fetus is in this stage a zoöphyte.

v. 65. — *More wise,
Than thou, has erred.*]

Averroes is said to be here meant. Venturi refers to his commentary on Aristotle. *De Anim.* l. iii. c. 5. for the opinion that there is only one universal intellect or mind pervading every individual of the human race. Much of the knowledge, displayed by our Poet in the present Canto, appears to have been derived from the medical work of Averroes called the *Colliget.* lib. ii. f. 10. Ven. 1490. fol.

v. 79. *Mark the sun's heat.*] Redi and Tiraboschi (Mr. Matthias's ed. v. ii. p. 36.) have considered this as an anticipation of a profound dis-

covery of Galileo's in natural philosophy; but it is in reality taken from a passage in Cicero "de Senectute," where, speaking of the grape, he says, "quæ et succo terræ et calore solis augescens primo est peracerba gustatu deinde maturata dulcescit."

v. 123. *I do not know a man.*] Luke, c. i. 34.

v. 126. *Callisto.*] See Ovid. Met. l. ii. fab. 5.

CANTO XXVI.

v. 70. *Cæsar.*] For the opprobrium cast on Cæsar's effeminacy, see Suetonius. Julius Cæsar. c. 49.

v. 83. *Guinicelli.*] See Note to Canto XI. 96.

v. 87. *Lycurgus.*] Statius. Theb. l. iv. and v. Hypsipile had left her infant charge, the son of Lycurgus, on a bank, where it was destroyed by a serpent, when she went to show the Argive army the river of Langia: and, on her escaping the effects of Lycurgus's resentment, the joy her own children felt at the sight of her was such, as our Poet felt on beholding his predecessor Guinicelli.

The incidents are beautifully described in Statius, and seem to have made an impression on Dante, for he again (Canto XXII. 110.) characterizes Hypsipile, as her—

Who show'd Langia's wave.

v. 111. *He.*] The united testimony of Dante, and of Petrarch in his Triumph of Love, c. iv. places Arnault Daniel at the head of the Provençal

poets. That he was born of poor but noble parents, at the castle of Ribeyrac in Périgord, and that he was at the English court is the amount of Millot's information concerning him, (t. ii. p. 479.) The account there given of his writings is not much more satisfactory, and the criticism on them must go for little better than nothing. It is to be regretted that we have not an opportunity of judging for ourselves of his "love ditties and his tales of prose."

Versi d'amore e prose di romanzi.

Our Poet frequently cites him in the work *De Vulgari Eloquentia*. According to Crescimbeni, (*Della Volg. Poes.* l. 1. p. 7. ed. 1698.) he died in 1189.

v. 113. *The songster of Limoges.*] Giraud de Borneil, of Sideuil, a castle in Limoges. He was a Troubadour, much admired and caressed in his day, and appears to have been in favour with the monarchs of Castile, Leon, Navarre, and Arragon. He is quoted by Dante, *De Vulg. Eloq.* and many of his poems are still remaining in MS. According to Nostradamus he died in 1278. Millot. *Hist. Litt. des Troub.* t. ii. p. 1 and 23. But I suspect that there is some error in this date, and that he did not live to so late a period.

v. 118. *Guittone*] See Canto XXIV. 56.

v. 123. *Far as needs.*] See Canto XI. 23.

v. 132. *Thy courtesy.*] Arnault is here made to speak in his own tongue, the Provençal. According to Dante, (*De Vulg. Eloq.* l. i. c. 8.) the Provençal was one language with the Spanish. What he says on this subject is so curious, that the reader will perhaps not be displeased if I give an abstract of it.

He first makes three great divisions of the European languages. "One of these extends from the mouths of the Danube, or the lake of Mæotis, to the western limits of England, and is bounded by the limits of the French and Italians, and by the ocean. One idiom obtained over the whole of this space: but was afterwards subdivided into the Sclavonian, Hungarian, Teutonic, Saxon, English, and the vernacular tongues of several other people, one sign remaining to all, that they use the affirmative *to*, (our English *ay*.) The whole of Europe, beginning from the Hungarian limits and stretching towards the east, has a second idiom, which reaches still further than the end of Europe, into Asia. This is the Greek. In all that remains of Europe, there is a third idiom, subdivided into three dialects, which may be severally distinguished by the use of the affirmatives, *oc*, *oil*, and *si*; the first spoken by the Spaniards, the next by the French, the third by the Latins (or Italians). The first occupy the western part of southern Europe, beginning from the limits of the Genoese. The third occupy the eastern part from the said limits, as far, that is, as to the promontory of Italy, where the Adriatic sea begins, and to Sicily. The second are in a manner northern, with respect to these, for they have the Germans to the east and north, on the west they are bounded by the English sea and the mountains of Arragon, and on the south by the people of Provence and the declivity of the Apennine."

Ibid. c. x. "Each of these three," he observes, "has its own claims to distinction. The excellency of the French language consists in its being best adapted, on account of its facility and agreeable-

ness, to prose narration, (quicquid redactum, sine inventum est ad vulgare prosaicum, suum est); and he instances the books compiled on the gests of the Trojans and Romans, and the delightful Adventures of King Arthur, with many other histories and works of instruction. The Spanish (or Provençal) may boast of its having produced such as first cultivated in this, as in a more perfect and sweet language, the vernacular poetry: among whom are Pierre d'Auvergne, and others more ancient. The privileges of the Latin, or Italian, are two; first, that it may reckon for its own those writers who have adopted a more sweet and subtile style of poetry, in the number of whom are Cino da Pistoia and his friend; and the next, that its writers seem to adhere to certain general rules of grammar, and in so doing give it, in the opinion of the intelligent, a very weighty pretension to preference."

CANTO XXVII.

- v. 1. *The sun.*] At Jerusalem it was dawn, in Spain midnight, and in India noonday, while it was sunset in Purgatory.
- v. 10. *Blessed.*] Matt. c. v. 8.
- v. 57. *Come.*] Matt. c. xxv. 34.
- v. 102. *I am Leah.*] By Leah is understood the active life, as Rachel figures the contemplative. The divinity is the mirror in which the latter looks. Michel Angelo has made these allegorical personages the subject of two statues on the monument of Julius II. in the church of S. Pietro in

Vincolo. See Mr. Duppa's *Life of Michel Angelo*. Sculpture viii. and x. and p. 247.

v. 135. *Those bright eyes.*] The eyes of Beatrice.

CANTO XXVIII.

v. 11. *To that part.*] The west.

v. 14. *The feather'd quiristers.*] Imitated by Boccacio. *Fiammetta*. l. iv. "Odi i queruli uccelli," &c.—"Hear the querulous birds plaining with sweet songs, and the boughs trembling, and, moved by a gentle wind, as it were keeping tenor to their notes."

v. 7. *A pleasant air.*] Compare Ariosto. *O. F.* c. xxxiv. st. 50.

v. 20. *Chiassi.*] This is the wood where the scene of Boccacio's sublimest story is laid. See Dec. g. 5. n. 8. and Dryden's *Theodore and Honoria*. Our Poet perhaps wandered in it during his abode with Guido Novello da Polenta.

v. 41. *A lady.*] Most of the commentators suppose, that by this lady, who in the last Canto is called Matilda, is to be understood the Countess Matilda, who endowed the holy see with the estates called the Patrimony of St. Peter, and died in 1115. See G. Villani. l. iv. c. 20. But it seems more probable that she should be intended for an allegorical personage.

v. 80. *Thou, Lord! hast made me glad.*] Psalm xcii. 4.

v. 146. *On the Parnassian mountain.*]

In bicipiti somniasse Parnasso.

Persius. Prol.

CANTO XXIX.

v. 76. *Listed colours.*]

Di sette liste tutte in quei colori, &c.

—a bow

Conspicuous with three listed colours gay.

Milton. P. L. b. xi. 865.

v. 79. *Ten paces.*] For an explanation of the allegorical meaning of this mysterious procession, Venturi refers those "who would see in the dark," to the commentaries of Landino, Vellutello, and others: and adds, that it is evident the Poet has accommodated to his own fancy many sacred images in the Apocalypse. In Vasari's Life of Giotto, we learn that Dante recommended that book to his friend, as affording fit subjects for his pencil.

v. 89. *Four.*] The four evangelists.

v. 96. *Ezekiel.*] Chap. i. 4.

v. 101. *John.*] Rev. c. iv. 8.

v. 104. *Gryphon.*] Under the gryphon, an imaginary creature, the forepart of which is an eagle, and the hinder a lion, is shadowed forth the union of the divine and human nature in Jesus Christ. The car is the church.

v. 115. *Tellus' prayer.*] Ovid. Met. l. ii. v. 279.

v. 116. *Three nymphs.*] The three evangelical virtues: the first Charity, the next Hope, and the third Faith. Faith may be produced by charity, or charity by faith, but the inducements to hope must arise either from one or other of these.

v. 125. *A band quaternion.*] The four moral or cardinal virtues, of whom Prudence directs the others.

v. 129. *Two old men.*] Saint Luke, characterized as the writer of the Acts of the Apostles, and Saint Paul.

v. 133. *Of the great Coan.*] Hippocrates, "whom nature made for the benefit of her favourite creature, man."

v. 138. *Four others.*] "The commentators," says Venturi, "suppose these four to be the four evangelists; but I should rather take them to be four principal doctors of the church." Yet both Landino and Vellutello expressly call them the authors of the epistles, James, Peter, John, and Jude.

v. 140. *One single old man.*] As some say, St. John, under his character of the author of the Apocalypse. But, in the poem attributed to Giacompo, the son of our Poet, which in some MSS. accompanies the original of this work, and is descriptive of its plan, this old man is said to be Moses.

E'l vecchio, ch' era dietro a tutti loro,

Fu Moyse.

And the old man, who was behind them all,

Was Moses.

See No. 3459 of the Harl. MSS. in the British Museum.

CANTO XXX.

v. 1. *The polar light.*] The seven candlesticks.

v. 12. *Come.*] Song of Solomon, c. iv. 8.

v. 19. *Blessed.*] Matt. c. xxi. 9.

v. 20. *From full hands.*] Virg. *Æn.* l. vi.
384.

v. 47. *The old flame*]

Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.

Virg. Æn. l. iv. 23.

Conosco i segni dell' antico fuoco.

Giusto de' Conti. La Bella Mano.

v. 51. *Nor.*] "Not all the beauties of the terrestrial Paradise, in which I was, were sufficient to allay my grief."

v. 85. *But.*] They sang the thirty-first Psalm to the end of the eighth verse.

v. 87. *The living rafters.*] The leafless woods on the Apennine.

v. 90. *The land whereon no shadow falls.*] "When the wind blows from off Africa, where at the time of the equinox, bodies being under the equator cast little or no shadow; or, in other words, when the wind is south."

v. 98. *The ice.*] Milton has transferred this conceit, though scarcely worth the pains of removing, into one of his Italian poems, son. v.



CANTO XXXI.

v. 3. *With lateral edge.*] The words of Beatrice, when not addressed directly to himself, but speaking to the angel of him, Dante had thought sufficiently harsh.

v. 39. *Counter to the edge.*] "The weapons of divine justice are blunted by the confession and sorrow of the offender."

v. 58. *Bird.*] *Prov.* c. i. 17.

v. 69. *From Jarbas' land.*] The south.

v. 71. *The beard.*] "I perceived; that when she desired me to raise my beard instead of telling me to lift up my head, a severe reflection was implied on my want of that wisdom which should accompany the age of manhood."

v. 98. *Tu asperges me.*] A prayer repeated by the priest at sprinkling the holy water.

v. 106. *And in the heaven are stars.*] See Canto I. 24.

v. 116. *The emeralds.*] The eyes of Beatrice.

CANTO XXXII.

v. 2. *Their ten years' thirst.*] Beatrice had been dead ten years.

v. 9. *Too fix'd a gaze.*] The allegorical interpretation of Vellutello, whether it be considered as justly inferible from the text or not, conveys so useful a lesson, that it deserves our notice. "The understanding is sometimes so intently engaged in contemplating the light of divine truth in the scriptures, that it becomes dazzled, and is made less capable of attaining such knowledge, than if it had sought after it with greater moderation."

v. 39. *Its tresses.*] Daniel, c. iv. 10, &c.

v. 41. *The Indians.*]

Quos oceano proprior gerit India lucos.

Virg. Georg. l. ii. 122.

Such as at this day to Indians known.

Milton. P. L. b. ix. 1192.

VOL. II.

P

v. 51. *When large floods of radiance.*] When the sun enters into Aries, the constellation next to that of the Fish.

v. 63. *Th' unpitying eyes.*] See Ovid. Met. l. i. 689.

v. 74. *The blossoming of that fair tree.*] Our Saviour's transfiguration.

v. 97. *Those lights.*] The tapers of gold.

v. 101. *That true Rome.*] Heaven.

v. 110. *The bird of Jove.*] This, which is imitated from Ezekiel, c. xvii. 3, 4. appears to be typical of the persecutions which the church sustained from the Roman Emperors.

v. 118. *A fox.*] By the fox perhaps is represented the treachery of the heretics.

v. 124. *With his feathers lin'd.*] In allusion to the donations made by the Roman Emperors to the church.

v. 130. *A dragon*] Probably Mahomet.

v. 136. *With plumes.*] The donations before-mentioned.

v. 142. *Heads.*] By the seven heads, it is supposed with sufficient probability, are meant the seven capital sins: by the three with two horns, pride, anger, and avarice, injurious both to man himself and to his neighbour: by the four with one horn, gluttony, lukewarmness, concupiscence, and envy, hurtful, at least in their primary effects, chiefly to him who is guilty of them.

v. 146. *O'er it.*] The harlot is thought to represent the state of the church under Boniface VIII. and the giant to figure Philip IV. of France.

v. 155. *Dragg'd on.*] The removal of the Pope's residence from Rome to Avignon is pointed at.

CANTO XXXIII.

v. 1. *The Heathen.*] Psalm lxxix. 1.

v. 36. *Hope not to scare God's vengeance with a sop.*] "Let not him who hath occasioned the destruction of the church, that vessel which the serpent brake, hope to appease the anger of the Deity by any outward acts of religious, or rather superstitious ceremony, such as was that, in our poet's time, performed by a murderer at Florence, who imagined himself secure from vengeance, if he ate a sop of bread in wine upon the grave of the person murdered within the space of nine days."

v. 38. *That eagle.*] He prognosticates that the Emperor of Germany will not always continue to submit to the usurpations of the Pope, and foretels the coming of Henry VII. Duke of Luxemburgh, signified by the numerical figures DVX; or, as Lombardi supposes, of Can Grande della Scala, appointed the leader of the Ghibelline forces. It is unnecessary to point out the imitation of the Apocalypse in the manner of this prophecy.

v. 50. *The Naiads.*] Dante, it is observed, has been led into a mistake by a corruption in the text of Ovid's *Metam.* l. vii. 757. where he found—

Carmina Naiades non intellecta priorum;
instead of *Carmina Laiades, &c.* as it has been since corrected.

Lombardi refers to Pausanias, where "the Nymphs" are spoken of as expounders of oracles, for a vindication of the poet's accuracy.

Should the reader blame me for not departing from the error of the original, (if error it be) he may substitute

Events shall be the Œdipus will solve, &c.

v. 67. *Elsa's numbing waters.*] The Elsa, a little stream, which flows into the Arno about twenty miles below Florence, is said to possess a petrifying quality.

v. 78. *That one brings home his staff inwreath'd with palm*] "For the same cause that the pilgrim, returning from Palestine, brings home his staff, or bourdon, bound with palm," that is, to show where he has been.

Che si reca 'l bordon di palma cinto.

"In regard to the word *bourdon*, why it has been applied to a pilgrim's staff, it is not easy to guess. I believe however that this name has been given to such sort of staves, because pilgrims usually travel and perform their pilgrimages on foot, their staves serving them instead of horses or mules, then called *bourdons* and *burdones*, by writers in the middle ages." Mr. Johnes's Translation of Joinville's Memoirs, Dissertation xv. by M. du Cange. p. 152. 4to edit.

The word is thrice used by Chaucer in the *Re-maunt of the Rose*.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

J. Barfield, Printer, Wardour-Street, London.





Digitized by Google

